The Sketch

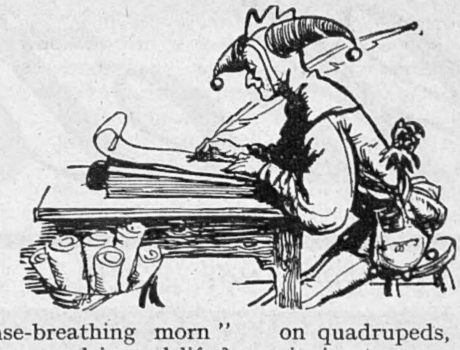
No. 2521—Vol. CXCIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

"KIPPS'" HELEN IN A BOATER.

DIANA WYNYARD *plays Helen Walsingham, society girl of 1906, in the screen version of H. G. Wells's novel* "KIPPS," *which was due at the Gaumont on Monday last, May 19. Folkestone, where the story is set, was the scene of the world première last week. Cecil Beaton designed the amusing period costumes, which include this afternoon dress of moiré silk worn with a boater straw hat.*

MOTLEY NOTES.



By ALAN KEMP.

Came the Dawn. "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn" sounds good in poetry: is it so good in real life? For reasons which I must not disclose—careless talk costs lives—I have recently been seeing more of the dawn than I have seen for many years past; in fact, it was a considerable shock to me to realise how long it was since I had observed this interesting natural phenomenon. These dissipated habits are not my fault; blame those who have taken great liberties with Greenwich Mean Time, causing day (and Air Raid Wardens) to break at times never intended by nature. Well, there are compensations. On the whole, I think that the dawn justifies its reputation. Breezy? Yes, it was distinctly breezy this morning in the biting blast which seems to be the English climate's facetious idea of the merry, merry Springtime. Incense-breathing? This always struck me as a peculiar epithet; but the poet is right. I have discovered that the dawn *has* a peculiar fragrance of its own. I don't know that I should describe it as incense, but it is a pleasing perfume—much enhanced, however, by the additional aroma of coffee, Oxo, or other stimulants when you get home.

"No, I didn't mean to cut you, Mr. Jones—but your face looks so different without a striped apron!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Ices and Eggs. The make-up is good, as well as the perfume, and here again I agree with the poets. I have a prosaic colleague on my patrol who compared the first colour-strata of the blushing sky to a Neapolitan ice, and the young sun himself, if you please, to a poached egg. Dreadful, is it not, how the gross suggestions of food haunt all our wartime thoughts, even on the most romantic occasions? I must say frankly that I did not notice any of those rosy fingers about the dawn which Homer talked of so much. Perhaps my observation is not as acute as it ought to be on the threshold of the day: in fact, I 'm sure it isn't—incendiary bombs are apt to distract one's attention from the true beauties of nature. There let us leave the subject, which I dare say you think rather morbid. I am quite ready to admit that the dawn is all it is cracked up to be, but I have seen enough of it in the past week to last me for some little time. The poets can have my share from now on; but I shouldn't be surprised if I had a further issue coming to me!

The Moon Debunked

It 's the moon's fault. That is another great favourite of the romantics, but the taste is not as popular as it was. It is characteristic of this topsy-turvy war that this celebrated orb, so dear to lovers and lyric-writers—a celestial body which practically provides the livelihood of jazz composers—should be an enemy rather than an object of sentiment. From the point of view of the Civil Defence Services, it is merely an incorrigible offender against the black-out regulations, against whom the Minister of Home Security is powerless. It is as certain to excite the siren to a wail as it is to excite a dog to a howl. Perhaps the dogs have been right all along—they have always suspected the moon of sinister qualities and have expressed their disapproval of it in no measured terms. Come to think of it, the moon has always had an unsettling effect not only on quadrupeds, but on certain human beings. It may be disillusioning to some, but I fear we must frankly recognise that the moon is now definitely debunked. Its only merit is that it seems to be of some use to our night fighters, and it can't take credit for that, because it is certainly not what nature intended. Perhaps I sound a little bitter; perhaps, indeed, I *am* a little bitter; but the fact is that, just as I have seen too much of the dawn, so I have seen too much of the moon. I would willingly exchange the entire firmament for a good night's rest. Any offers?

Top of the Class. But let us turn from mooning to a sunnier theme. Girls, I hope you are all feeling extremely bucked with yourselves. You have had, and you have doubtless deserved, many bouquets in your lives, but you never got a bigger or a handsomer one than from Mr. Menzies. "I confess myself," he said, "an enthusiast about the superb women of Great Britain." No man can say fairer than that, can he? Some of you will be getting your heads turned if we say much more; but "kind words can never die," and it may be some satisfaction to you (and I am sure it will be an enormous satisfaction to Mr. Menzies) to know that I entirely concur in this tribute. You are really doing very well, and Queen Elizabeth the First would be proud of you, and Queen Elizabeth the Second *is* proud of you—and, if I mistake not, the pride is mutual. Therefore I say, and I claim no originality for the remark, not merely, Girls, go to it! but, Girls, go on going to it! And if you are not exactly a girl, though I hate to suggest such a thing—well, I am glad that Mr. Menzies had a word for "that forgotten but splendid woman, the housewife." Splendid, I doubt not (though there *may* be degrees)—but forgotten? Not in any household that I have ever known. There, that 's quite enough flattery and pampering for one day—now run along and be good, sweet maids, and let who will be clever.

Conjurer's Wife: "What about gettin' a rabbit out of your hat for dinner to-day?"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

The Loutwaffe.

Don't imagine, however, mesdames and mesdemoiselles, that you have a monopoly of the good work. We are all in it, and if girls will be girls, so also boys will be boys. I see that two of them the other day, by their own unaided efforts, collected and delivered a crashed enemy airman whom the entire police force had failed to find. It detracts nothing from the exploit that the airman, being wounded, was a "sitter" and behaved with enforced docility. Not so all our involuntary visitors from the sky. Two of them recently demanded the name and number of the British

Bobby who, when arresting them, failed to stand to attention! I should have liked to hear Robert's reply. These charming representatives of the *Luftwaffe* also contemptuously refused English tea when it was offered them. I have myself seen a captured German officer, when he was offered a cup of coffee, *spit*. How teach manners to such louts? If an English officer did the same in Germany (which is almost inconceivable), he would probably be shot dead on the spot. That is not our way; for rude little boys there are traditional methods, and my own choice of discipline for these unmannerly young thugs would be the slipper or the strap.

Naughty Nineties.

I repeat—we are all in it, not only the youngsters, but the oldsters too; and certain of the elders have been giving some very spirited performances lately. We all read, a little time ago, about the old lady who celebrated her ninety-third birthday by "getting" her incendiary bomb. Nonagenarians have been distinguishing themselves in other fields than that of Mars. It is reported from Austin, Texas, that a veteran of the American Civil War, at the tender age of ninety-three, has just espoused a widow of seventy-four summers. What is remarkable about this match is that the bridegroom, having batted patiently for his 93, was within sight of a century of bachelorhood; but a widow got his wicket — another illustration of the fact that no batsman, however well set, is safe against that type of googly. It is sad to have to contrast with this romance the case of the husband, aged ninety-one, who the other day walked out on his wife and had to explain himself to the Bench. He carried his bat and it is a pity that he could not finish the innings; but apparently the bowler had resorted to body-line tactics, and that is more than any true cricketer will stand.

"*You're wrong, Mr. Postlethwaite—it's a Dornier DOX. XII., developing 3000 h.p.*"

DRAWN BY FRANK R. GREY.

Billeting and Cooing.

There is another class of the community who are very much "in it," and they have a difficult, because a passive, part to play. I mean those who go by the clumsy and not very flattering name of "evacuees." I don't know how many evacuees are distributed throughout the country, but the bizarre jumble of our population is one of the most remarkable features of the war, and I don't think any of us quite foresaw it as it has actually happened. There are many foreigners who picture our "class-distinctions" as being stratified on almost feudal lines. Well, perhaps the war has taught us that there are wider gulfs than we had realised between the ways of life of different sections of the citizenry. There have been shocks which have jolted us out of some of our more complacent ideas about "social progress." These lessons will bear fruit in peace. But, whatever the surprises, one can only say that if we are hide-bound with "class-distinctions," we have adapted ourselves with remarkable elasticity to new conditions, and I ask myself whether any other country in the world could have scrambled the eggs more successfully. Billeting and being billeted is no affair of heroic exploit. It is a day-by-day business, requiring constant consideration and forbearance, and making incessant demands on human nature at a time when everybody's nerves are under a certain strain. It has its spots of bother, but that it works at all is no small tribute to average common sense and goodwill. They say that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Well, if we can all gain a less half-worldly knowledge of each other, the war will not have been in vain.

The Bomb-Snobs.

Not that snobs have ceased out of our land, or out of any other land; and I regret to observe that a new class of them is growing up among us. They are the bomb-snobs and *Blitz*-snobs. It is curious, and irritating, how uppish people have become about a bomb which has shattered all their windows and knocked off all their chimneys. If they had picked up an unexploded H.E. and dropped it in a pond, or behaved in a contemptuous, George Cross manner towards a parachute-mine, you would never, of course, hear a word about it from them; but if a bomb lands in the drawing-room and blows the piano up into the bath-room, they put on the most intolerable side and look down on you from a great height if *your* piano hasn't been propelled through the skylight. I have had a good deal to do lately with fire-fighters; they have their weaknesses, poor dears, but on the whole I think they deserve well of their country. The only ones whom I want to smack sometimes are those who keep on telling me that they know all about it because they have "been through it all." The rest of us feel our position keenly. Because it is not our privilege to live in the "blitzed" Metropolis, we decline to be treated by these lofty Londoners as provincials and rustics who do not know one end of a stirrup-pump from another. I don't think they would appreciate it if I told them that during the next raid we should leave everything to their superior skill and knowledge. This new snobbery is a dangerous form of affectation. You can, after all, collect just one bomb too many.

Spare a Copper!

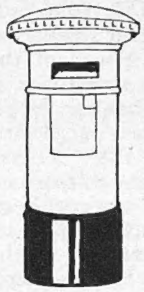
Does anybody know, and would it be possible to calculate, how much money passes on bets in this country in the course of a year? Taking horses, dogs, and football—not to mention many other forms of backing your fancy—the total must be astronomical. I see that on a single horse-race the other day, £80,000 passed in bets, so far as they could be traced. Now, I have no Puritanical views on the so-called "ethics of gambling"; but whether all this money is being well or ill spent, it seems a pity that some of it should not go to the Exchequer. We are told to restrict our spending, and all of us mugs who have ever tried it know that you can't bet without spending, and generally (unless you are a very unusual individual) spending more than you ever intended. If we want to spend on other forms of naughty indulgence, such as whisky, or cigarettes, at least we have to pay the Chancellor for our fun, and pay him handsomely. And, after all, nobody is more in the mood to spare a trifle for the Common Purse than the man who has just backed a winner. A good many years ago, the present Prime Minister introduced a Betting Tax, but, after experience, gave it up, with a sigh, as impracticable. I suppose there are insuperable difficulties, but I have never understood why; and I should have thought that in these times, Somerset House, which shows itself such a master of the Poker Game of income-tax, would have been equal to the artful dodges of the betting man. Surely it is worth a trial, anyhow?

Rest and Refreshment.

Sabbatarians are grim and determined people, and their success in keeping the theatres closed on Sundays seems to have intoxicated them. The suggestion of intoxication, however, must not be taken too literally, in view of the fact that they are now striving to remove all dangers of intoxication on Sundays. The object is "to emphasise the character of the Sabbath as a day of rest." I do not quite see how this aspect of Sunday is impaired by the dispensing of refreshments for a few hours. After all, drinking a glass of beer is, or ought to be, an essentially restful occupation; and if you drink ten glasses of beer, your rest, whether at the Station House or elsewhere, is more profound than even a Sabbatarian would recommend. I hope the public will rise against this nagging nonsense and insist on a reasonable degree of restlessness.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Everybody is beginning to think that it is time Faith gave the Conductor a definite answer one way or the other. He has been losing a lot of weight during the last few months, and though that may be due rather to the rationing than to Faith, his behaviour to the Choir, ever since Christmas, can only be the result of nerves strained to breaking-point.

Last Tuesday when we sang an F sharp instead of an F natural three times in succession, which is really nothing for this Choir, the Conductor threw down his bâton and walked out.

We were all so sorry to have upset him, as he is usually Patience Itself with us, and instead of disbanding and going home we all stayed there and practised the difficult bit again and again. After a time the Conductor came back and said how sorry he was, and we said how sorry we were, and then we had another try, and after all that practice nearly everybody got the F natural. The Conductor was greatly heartened, and we did some of our old songs which we all knew, and the afternoon ended in a burst of melody and emotion.

"'Faith,'" I said, "'how do you know he snores?'"

"Weeding the kitchen-garden path."

But I was very angry with Faith for causing so much unnecessary suffering, and when she came round yesterday afternoon while I was weeding the kitchen-garden path, I determined to take her to task, as they say.

"How nice you look, Faith," I said, which was a bad beginning, but I just couldn't help saying it.

"This old rag?" said Faith, as she always does. Then she lay down among the bluebells under the mulberry-tree and said she 'd been up with the A.R.P. all night and was worn out. The bluebells exactly matched her eyes, but I hardened my heart against her.

"You don't do a tap of work during the day, anyhow," I said.

Faith sat up. "Why are you being so unkind to me, Henrietta?" she said piteously.

"Why are *you* being so unkind, if it comes to that?" I said, stabbing at a large dandelion with my hoe.

"I can't marry him," said Faith sadly. "He snores." And she lay down among the bluebells again.

I put down my hoe. "Faith," I said, "how do you know he snores?"

"I hear him at the A.R.P.," said Faith, with her eyes shut.

In silence I picked up my hoe and renewed my attack upon the dandelion. After a little time Faith sat up again. "Henrietta," she said, opening her bluebell eyes very wide, "why did you say that?"

"Let it pass," I said. "I always thought you sat up on hard chairs all night with your gas-masks on. This is the first I 've heard of beds and snoring."

"There 's only one Bed," said Faith.

"Surely you don't *all*——"

"No, no. Of course not. It 's a very small camp affair. The one who 's on duty all night, whether there 's an Alert or not, has The Bed."

I laid down my hoe a second time and joined her among the bluebells, for I found this conversation of absorbing interest. "Tell me, Faith," I said, "do the men get into pyjamas?"

"No," said Faith. "They take off their collars and ties."

"Naturally."

"All except Mr. Savernack, who keeps his on and lies *outside* the blanket."

"Quite likely it is Mrs. Savernack's wish, Faith."

"Quite likely, Henrietta."

There was a silence while I reflected, not for the first time, that the Civil Defence has all the excitement of this war.

"Colonel Simpkins is a very quiet sleeper," said Faith.

"I have always looked upon him as the perfect type of English gentleman."

"At eleven o'clock the Admiral comes and puts out the light and says 'No more talking.'"

"That must be rather dull."

"Yes. But you see, it isn't fair to the one in The Bed if we chatter all night."

"Quite."

Soon afterwards Faith went away. I walked to the gate with her, for she seemed rather sad. "I shouldn't bother too much about the snoring," I said, squeezing her arm. "A lot of people snore in camp-beds who never snore anywhere else."

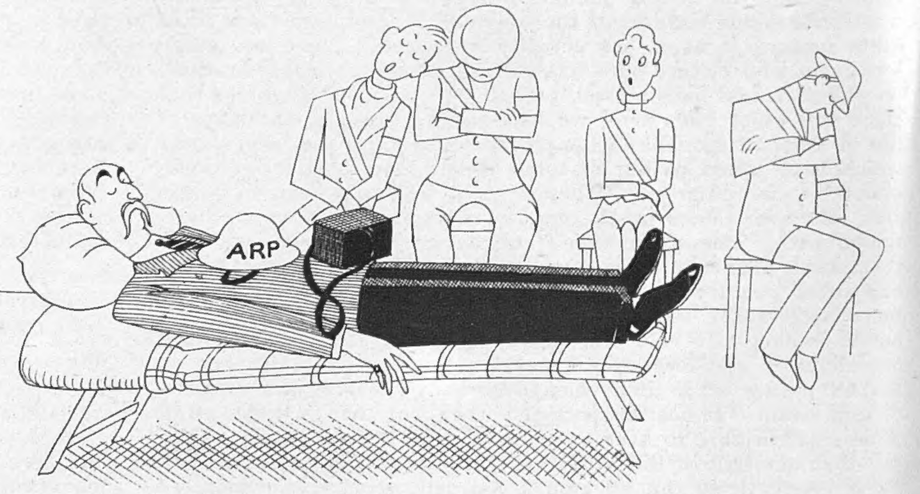
"Do you think so?" said Faith, brightening a little.

"I 'm sure of it. And I think it 's Simply Wonderful What You Are Doing, Faith." I think it is the duty of all those without brassards to make this remark as often as possible. It never fails to gratify, and in this case it worked wonders. Faith positively danced down the road, and stopped at the corner to wave.

Soon after she had gone the Conductor appeared. When I told him Faith had gone he said he wouldn't wait, and for the second time that afternoon I left my weeding to walk to the gate.

"Faith 's been telling me about the A.R.P.," I said. "I had no idea people had to sleep down there all night. I think it 's Simply Wonderful——"

But the Conductor wasn't listening. A tender smile lit up his face. "She does snore so, bless her heart!" he said. "You know, Henrietta, you simply wouldn't believe such a loud noise could be made by such a darling little nose."

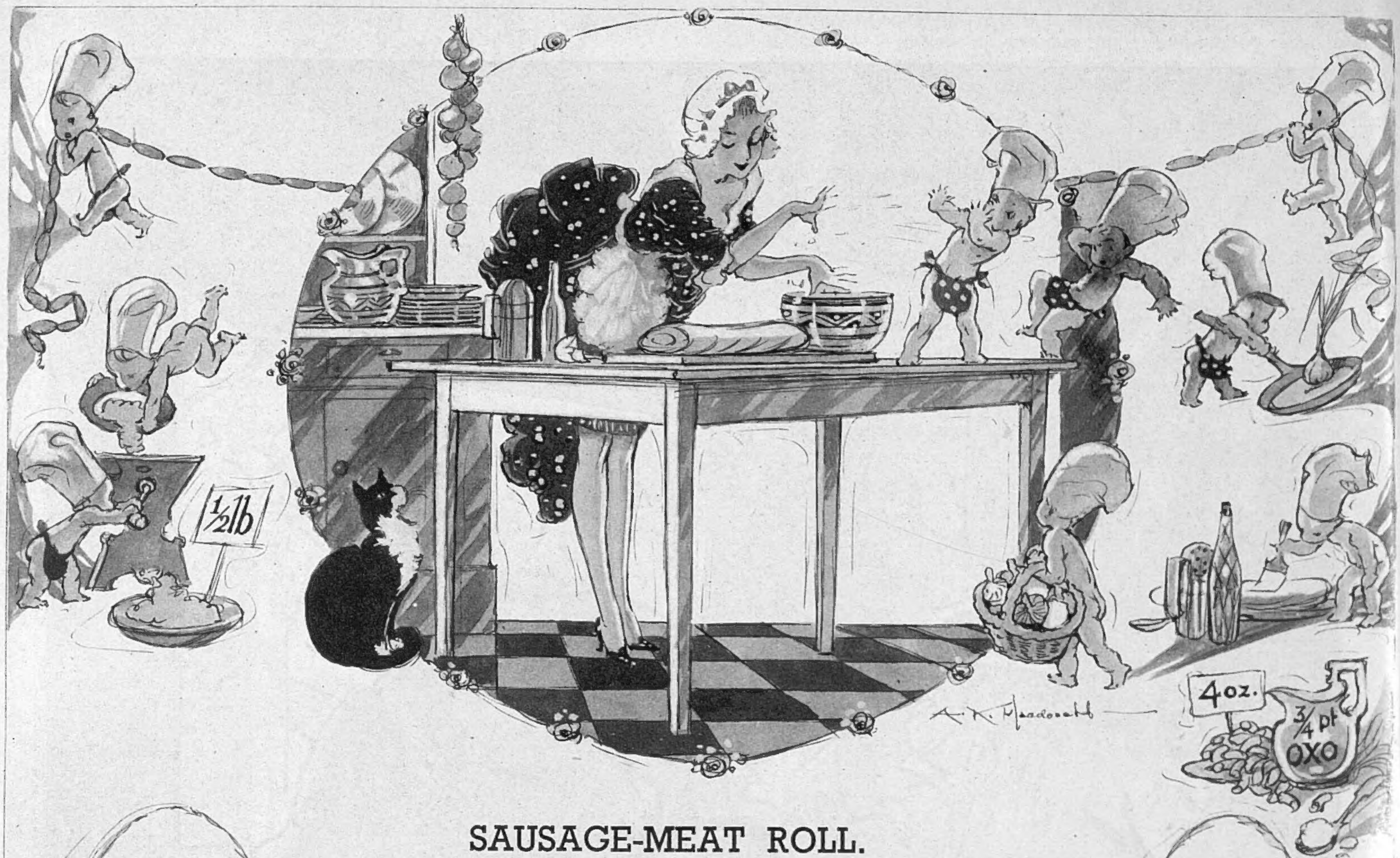


"Outside the blanket."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"YOU MUST EXCUSE 'IM BEIN' A BIT FRESH, MISS, 'E'S JUST BEEN BURIED ALIVE."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



SAUSAGE-MEAT ROLL.

First put half a pound of sausage-meat through the mincer, then fry one onion till well browned (if onion powder is used, half a teaspoonful should be sufficient), and add to the mince with the yolk of one egg. Work well with the hands and shape into a roll—to prevent the mixture sticking to the fingers, keep a bowl of cold water handy, into which the hands should be dipped frequently. Sprinkle the roll all over with flour, and finally paint it with the white of the egg mixed with one coffee-spoonful of olive oil and one of water.

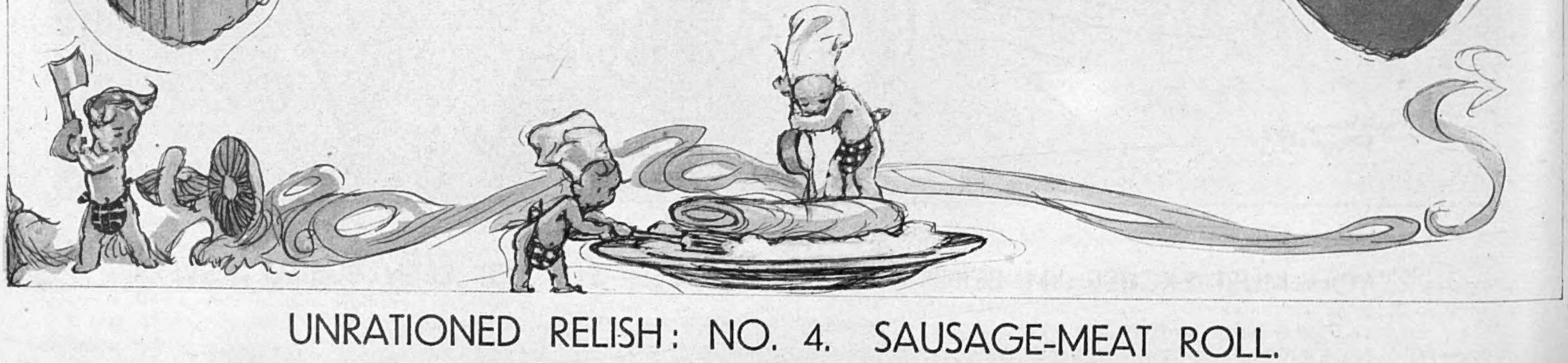
Place the meat in a fireproof dish in which a little margarine has been melted, and the whole in a medium oven. Baste frequently, until well browned, and serve with—

MUSHROOM SAUCE.—Mushrooms are an expensive luxury in these days, but it is often possible to buy the stalks separately in the market, and these make an excellent sauce, thus:

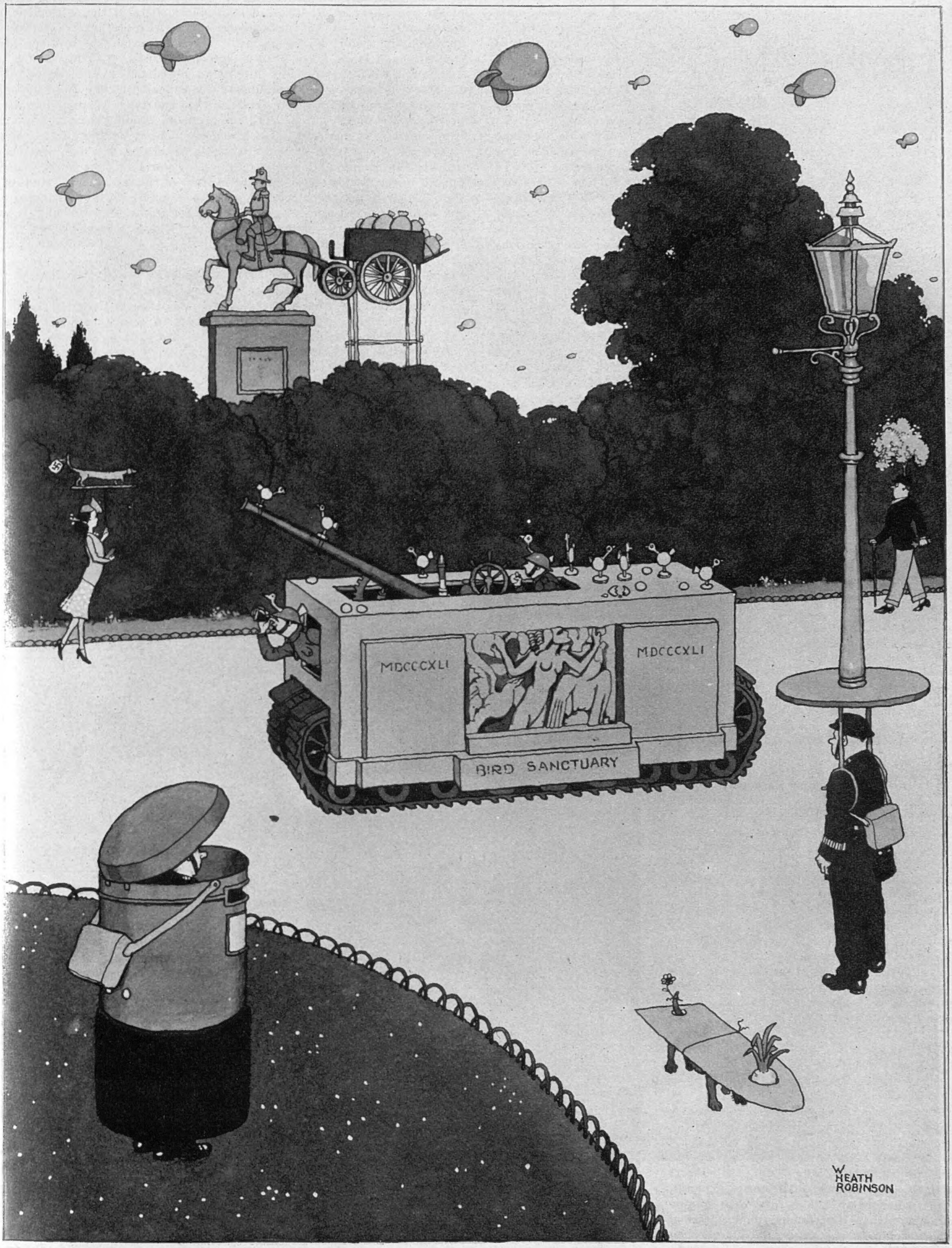
Chop up finely 4 oz. of mushroom stalks and leave them to simmer in 1 oz. of well-seasoned margarine for about five minutes; remove the saucepan and mix in one tablespoonful of flour and three-quarters of a pint of stock (Oxo does just as well if there is no meat stock in the house), stirring well to smooth out all possible lumps; leave on a very low fire for ten minutes.

Remove the roll from the oven, transfer on to a clean dish, arrange some mashed potatoes round the edge and pour over the sauce just before serving.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 4. SAUSAGE-MEAT ROLL.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

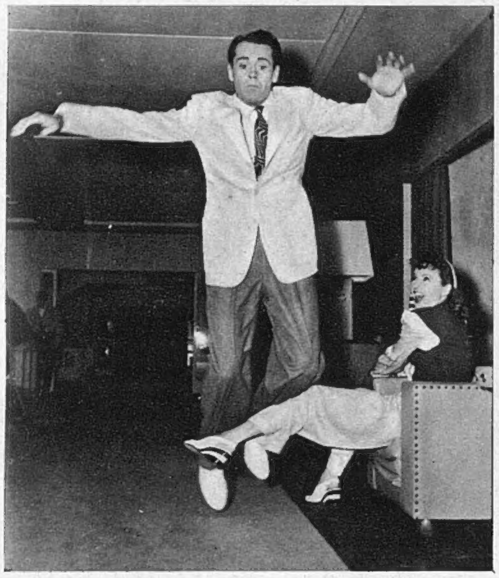
SAFETY FIRST! CAMOUFLAGE IN LONDON PARKS.

Here's a safety-first suggestion from W. Heath Robinson. It consists of some most ingenious devices for camouflage in a London park. The skilful use of one of our most discussed pieces of decorative sculpture to conceal a mobile gun is a specially brilliant idea.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

TWO of the screen's most distinguished actors—Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy—appear in new films in the West End this week, and it is rather interesting to go, as I did, from one show to the other and compare their methods. There was a time when I—very foolishly, as I see now—used to think of these two men as much the same type of player. Totally unlike in looks and speech, they seemed to me to have the same quality of sincerity, the same conscientious realism in their work, the same way of making a part seem human and likeable and honest. I realise now that, whatever the final effect may be, the technics of their performances are poles apart.



"The Lady Eve" (Plaza) smart farce of wit and speed, was written and directed by Preston Sturges of "Down Went McGinty" fame. Aboard ship Charles (HENRY FONDA), *returning from a snake-hunting expedition, meets Jean* (BARBARA STANWYCK), *beautiful girl acting as foil for a group of card-sharpers. To get into conversation with the heir to "Pike's Pale—The Ale that won for Yale," is the aim and object of all the girls on board. Jean does it this way quite easily.*

Muni is an actor first, last, and all the time. One might almost say there is no Paul Muni, so completely is the player's personality absorbed in the parts he plays. Meticulous care in speech, walk, mannerisms, make-up, even thought, creates an entirely new individual in each of the Muni films. Like Charles Laughton, for weeks before he goes on the floor he is sunk in a part.

Tracy, although he is the world's most modest guy, and as sensitive as a cat's whiskers to his own shortcomings, sticks to his own personality through thick and thin. You'll have noticed how little he changes his appearance in his films. The very slight make-up he uses is basically the same. He gets his effects, not by imposing a new character on Tracy, but by projecting Tracy, as it were, into new conditions. I don't suppose for a moment he has thought it out that way, for he is not a man, I should say, who is given to profound cerebrations. But he simply manages to be a homely Everyman with new problems to tackle in each picture. Because he has the technicalities of screen performance at his finger-tips, he holds our attention. Because he is a human, likeable person, he makes us glad to be held.

The Muni film, "HUDSON'S BAY" (Regal), is not, I think, the most interesting that this great actor has given us. It is mainly walking and talking, and while the walk often rewards us with vistas of beauty, the talk isn't always quite so successful. This story of the pioneer days of Canada has obviously been written with an eye to 1941 propaganda. Mr. Muni, as Pierre Radisson, the French half-breed explorer, is apt to hold up the action with admirable, but rather superfluous, philosophising. "Those fellows," he says in his broken English, "live in Europe crazy. They fight all the time. They got to bow down. . . . This country, this Canada . . . she say 'Look, I rich lady. I give you nice, big place to live in. I give you plenty to eat. I not let anybody be better than you.'" All of which, of course, is indisputable. But we can't help feeling that M. Radisson puts the film's case in a nutshell when he observes on one occasion, "This place for look—not talk."

Our third picture shows Charles on his honeymoon journey. In the train Jean ingenuously and honestly tells him details of her life which shock him so intensely that he doesn't believe she has married him for anything but his money, and leaping from the carriage he falls into a sea of mud.

Muni, when not weighed down by words, makes an appealing figure of the great-hearted Radisson, a man whose share in the settlement of the great Dominion has never been properly appreciated. Radisson, of whom the history books say little, was born in France in 1635, and crossed the Atlantic when he was sixteen, to settle, with his family, in a Canadian town that lived in daily dread of Indians. Venturing beyond the stockade one day, young Radisson was captured by the Iroquois, and showed such a bold spirit under trial that the tribe adopted him as a brother. For three years he lived among them, winning their regard, and learning all that they had to teach a young hunter, warrior and explorer.

You don't see those early days of Radisson's in the film, but they provide the background of the part, and I am sure that Muni soaked himself in the details before he went in front of the cameras. "Hudson's Bay" itself is mainly concerned with the foundation and financing of the famous fur company, the delicate negotiations between white men and Indians, and the interest of Charles II. and Prince Rupert, 'way back in distant London.

The Spencer Tracy picture, "BOOM TOWN," is at the Empire. I shouldn't by rights call it a Spencer Tracy picture, because Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert have parts as big as, if not bigger than, Mr. Tracy's, and Hedy Lamarr, with her exquisite mask of a face, wanders in and out of the second half as—shall we say?—the sleeping partner in New York's big oil deals. But the fact remains that, for me at least, "Boom Town" is Spencer Tracy's perquisite. All the most moving moments are his. His honest, freckled face, his slow voice halting over difficult words, are the things that I chiefly remember.

He appears, looking pretty ramshackle throughout, as a tough oil prospector in the boom days of Texas. The period is twenty years ago, the times those when an adventurer snitches his tools, gambles on a claim, and may, or may not, be rewarded with a dozen giant gushers. Square John Sand (Spencer Tracy) has a partner, Big John McMasters (Clark Gable), and a girl, a school - teacher, Elizabeth Bartlett (Claudette Colbert), back home. In her honour, Square John names his first gusher, and his second, and his third, Beautiful Darling Betsy, and all looks set for a prosperous marriage.

Going to see Charles in his cabin, Jean finds one of his "bag" on the bed—a wriggling snake. Quite unexpectedly, she falls for Charles and after a speedy courtship they get married.

But Big John innocently meets and marries the girl. Square John can stand that as long as his partner plays fair with her. But Big John has a weakness for girls, first a saloon blonde, later the luscious Miss Lamarr, and the rest of the film is a long fight between the partners to keep the home together for Betsy's sake. They part, and join forces, and part again. They become rivals in business, and come to blows in private life. The whole oil *ménage* of America, it seems, is ultimately involved in this affair of the McMasters' home. At long last, McMasters, temporarily on top of the world, is hauled before the courts on a charge of violating the anti-trust laws. Square John, already well on the way to Europe, comes back to give evidence in his defence. It's a homely little speech that Mr. Tracy makes, but it does the trick. Next thing we know, the pair, plus Beautiful Darling Betsy, are out in California, prospecting for oil again. Miss Lamarr isn't in the fade-out, fourth place in which is reserved for the comedian, Frank Morgan. At times I thought she must have wondered what she was doing in the picture.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

ALL QUIET ON THE BRIDGE FRONT: THE CARD-ROOM AT WHITE'S.

The card-room at White's is one of the most famous interiors in Clubland, and till the Luftwaffe had a busy time the other night, bombing "military objectives" in London, its aspect had remained substantially unchanged since 1755, when the present club-house in St. James's Street was built. It is one of the oldest clubs in London, and was originally a chocolate-house near St. James's Palace. In 1811 the famous Bow Window, where certain Victorian personalities had their special seats, was added. White's has always been a card-playing club, and in the eighteenth century was notorious for the high play which went on there. Fortunes were won and lost in the card-room, and the original betting-book in which wagers were entered contains many remarkable records which can be studied to-day. White's is still known as one of the clubs where contract bridge may be played for big stakes.

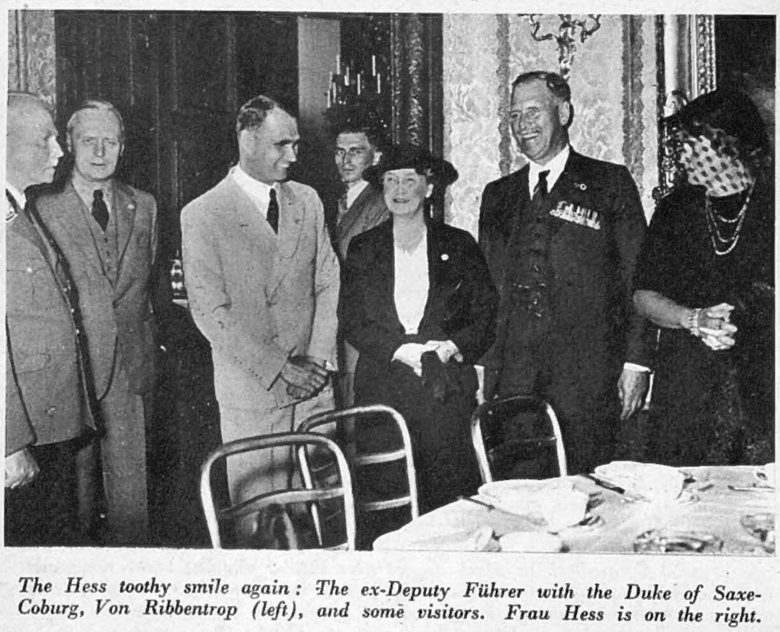
MYSTERY-VISITOR HESS AS A LADIES' MAN.

The fantastic and startling news of the arrival in Scotland by parachute of RUDOLF HESS, *Deputy Führer of Germany and Party Leader of the National Socialist Party, has set everyone off making his or her own "Hess guess," as a witty contemporary calls private speculations on the reasons for this amazing "Flying Visit," so similar to that foretold by Peter Fleming in his amusing fantasy! On this page we give snapshots of Hess in his lighter moments. He is here flashing a toothy smile at an admirer as he autographs her programme at the Olympic Games.*

Crooked-cross trio— GOEBBELS, HITLER *and* HESS *studying the result-sheets of the plebiscite of the Anschluss, as Germany called the rape of Austria. Hess was considered to be Hitler's most intimate friend.*

HESS *as the benevolent (!) official, collecting for Winter Relief Fund, 1936, surrounded by middle-aged women and young girls.*

Left: Congratulating a young ski-er on her victory at the Olympic Games, with characteristic apparent good-nature.



The Hess toothy smile again: The ex-Deputy Führer with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Von Ribbentrop (left), and some visitors. Frau Hess is on the right.

At Nuremburg on an official occasion: HESS *seated next to Hitler, with Frau Goering nearest the camera.*

THE DUKE WHOM HESS HOPED TO SEE.

The type of country where Hess made his startling descent upon Scotland; a farmstead in Lanarkshire near Dungavel.

The exact spot where the Deputy Führer floated down on British soil. Mrs. Baird, a Scottish farmer's wife, and two reporters are discussing the "incident."

In 1937, after their marriage in Edinburgh, the DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON *(then Lord and Lady Clydesdale). The Duchess was Lady Elizabeth Percy, and is the elder daughter of the ninth Duke of Northumberland.*

The DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, P.C., A.F.C., *is a Wing Commander of the Auxiliary Air Force. He was born in 1903, went to Eton and Balliol. As Lord Clydesdale he was Chief Air Pilot in the first flight over Mount Everest in 1933. He is Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, a member of the Royal Company of Archers (the King's Bodyguard for Scotland), an F.R.G.S. He was appointed Lord Steward of H.M.'s Household in 1940.*

IN his strange flight over to Scotland in a Messerschmitt 110, Rudolf Hess, German Deputy Führer, carried with him a small map on which he had marked his destination—Dungavel, the Duke's residence, in Lanarkshire. He landed by parachute just fifteen miles from this spot. Apparently he still remembered the athletic and sporting Duke when, as Lord Clydesdale ("the Boxing Marquess"), he had attended the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936, for in recent months Hess sent letters to the Duke, who at once handed them over to the authorities. Hess has now been moved to a hospital, where he is in close custody. At the time of writing the whole world is on its toes waiting for the Premier's statement after Hess explains his amazing flight; he has already said that he is "fed up with Germany."

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT ROLL WARTIME

The MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON, MR. ANTHONY EDEN, the AMERICAN AMBASSADOR and MRS. WINANT at the English-Speaking Union lunch at which Mr. Winant gave a brilliant and important speech.

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Derby, opened the new Hamilton Civic Restaurant in the Borough of Finchley. She helped the MAYOR OF FINCHLEY serve tea.

Right: The marriage of PILOT OFFICER DENNIS R. SHAND, R.A.F.V.R., to MISS PENELOPE PALMER, younger daughter of the late Sir Frederick Palmer, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

THE KING, accompanied by the Queen, visited Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament to view the damage caused by Saturday night's savage raid DR. DE LABILLIERE, Dean of Westminster, is sadly explaining details.

MAJOR JOHN MILES BURTON, R.A., only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Miles Burton, married MISS JOCELYN MARGOT GAVIN, only daughter of Flying Officer Ian Gavin, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Gavin, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week.

ALL AND NOTABLE PEOPLE ON OCCASIONS.

H.E. the POLISH AMBASSADOR, COUNT RACZYNSKI, had a chat with LADY DASHWOOD at the party given at the Polish Hearth last week, when pictures and models of Polish peasants' life and costumes were shown.

The marriage of MISS NANCY HARMOOD-BANNER, younger daughter of Major Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner, to CAPTAIN J. JARDINE-HUNTER-PATERSON, K.O.S.B., was followed by a reception at the Ritz.

SECOND LIEUT. EDWARD R. C. INGE, the Somerset Light Infantry, second son of the Very Rev. Dr. W. R. Inge, married MISS DIANA MARY PAINE, daughter of Mr. H. W. Paine, at All Saints', Sanderstead.

MISS ELISABETH URSULA ("BUNCH") PARKES, younger daughter of Mr. A. J. Parkes, is engaged to Mr. Peter L. Waddell, Royal Corps of Signals.

MISS MONA FRIEDLANDER, ace pilot, A.T.C., who before the war flew day and night as a "target" for A.-A. tests, is engaged to Major Alan Forward, M.C., R.A.S.C.

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig of Bemersyde, is engaged to Commander Clarence Dismore Howard-Johnston, D.S.C., R.N., and the marriage will take place shortly.

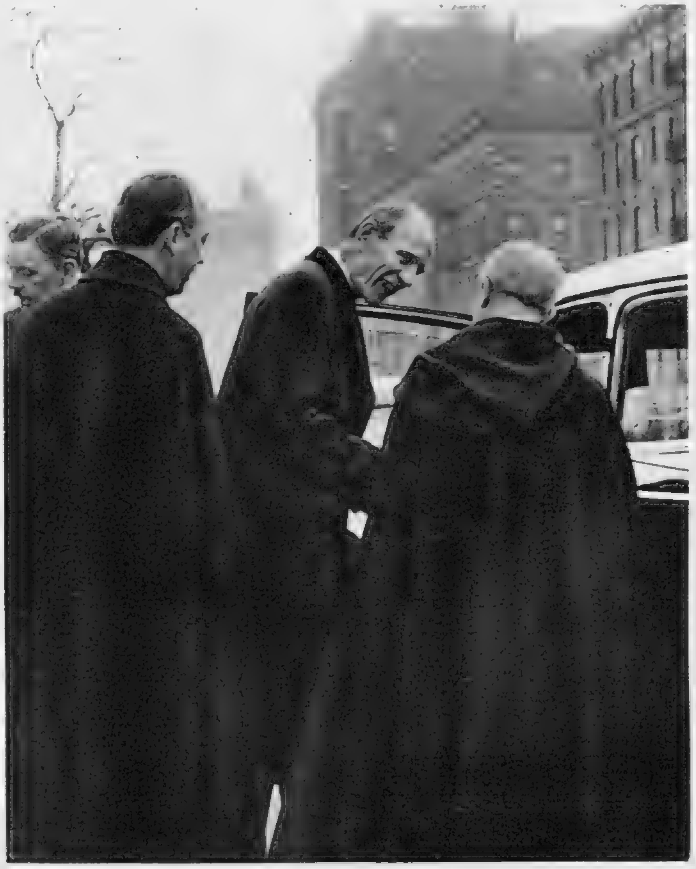
BRITISH PARATROOPS' DESCENT.

This lovely picture shows some of the BRITISH PARATROOPS *in mid-air making a descent. Large forces of our parachute troops are fully trained and ready for action. They are volunteers from almost every regiment in the British Army, and include men from the Dominions and the Colonies. Most of them are in the middle twenties, and they are fit and quick-thinking to the highest degree. Their training is calculated and gradual, so that by the time they have to make the first real jump, the throb of engines, the rush of air are about the only difference from exercises they have been performing for weeks. They wear special clothing to avoid all risk of catching on the fuselage and to reduce shock of the fall, and are armed with Bren guns, "Tommy" guns, and so forth, which they either carry with them or which come down in a container distinguished by a coloured parachute.*

OUR AMBASSADOR, LORD HALIFAX, IN NEW YORK.

VISCOUNT HALIFAX, *British Ambassador to the U.S.A., accompanied by Viscountess Halifax, paid a short visit to New York shortly after reaching the U.S.A., and spent a crowded three days, during which he combined the duties of a statesman with the pleasures of a tourist. He made his first public speech as Ambassador to the Pilgrims; received journalists and answered their questions for two hours; and fulfilled many other engagements. Here a British seavacuee,* PATRICIA SIMS, *from Dundee, is being presented to him, and apparently feeling overwhelmed by the honour.*

Lord and Lady Halifax leaving the Seamen's Church Institute, after opening a club-room for the British Merchant Navy.



Lord Halifax visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He is leaving with the Rt. Rev. William Manning, Episcopal Bishop of New York.

Lord and Lady Halifax on top of the 102 storeys of the Empire State Building, with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Smith. Far below, they saw cargo boats being loaded with munitions for Britain.

Viscount Halifax's coffee-and-fruit breakfast. He paid a second visit to New York this month, and was present at the dedication of Woodrow Wilson's birthplace as a national shrine, and later made a successful tour of the Middle West.

Torpedo-tubes and crew on board an ex-American destroyer engaged on convoy work.

HOLDING BRITAIN'S LIFE-LINE WITH [...]
THE BATTLE [...]

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC, which is being waged [...] the victorious conclusion of the war. As the Prime Mi[...] preserving the life-line of the Empire by means of the Convoy [...] aeroplanes are brought to us from the New World. "Never [...] of the Battle of the Atlantic," said Mr. H. V. Alexander, First [...] "has its ups and downs, but I can assure you that neither the [...] way. We continue to take a toll of both, and as the strength [...] and as the number of escorting destroyers and corvettes expands [...] won." These fine photographs show men who are fighting this [...] ex-American destroyer which was one of the escort which recent[...] with 'planes, food and other essentials, [...]

Ever keeping watch and ward: the Commanding Officer of a destroyer on convoy work.

The First Officer of a destroyer which recently helped to escort a convoy across the Atlantic.

Left: The gun-crew at action stations on board an ex-American destroyer.

Right: Issuing the rum ration to the crew—a new ceremony for a U.S.A. vessel.

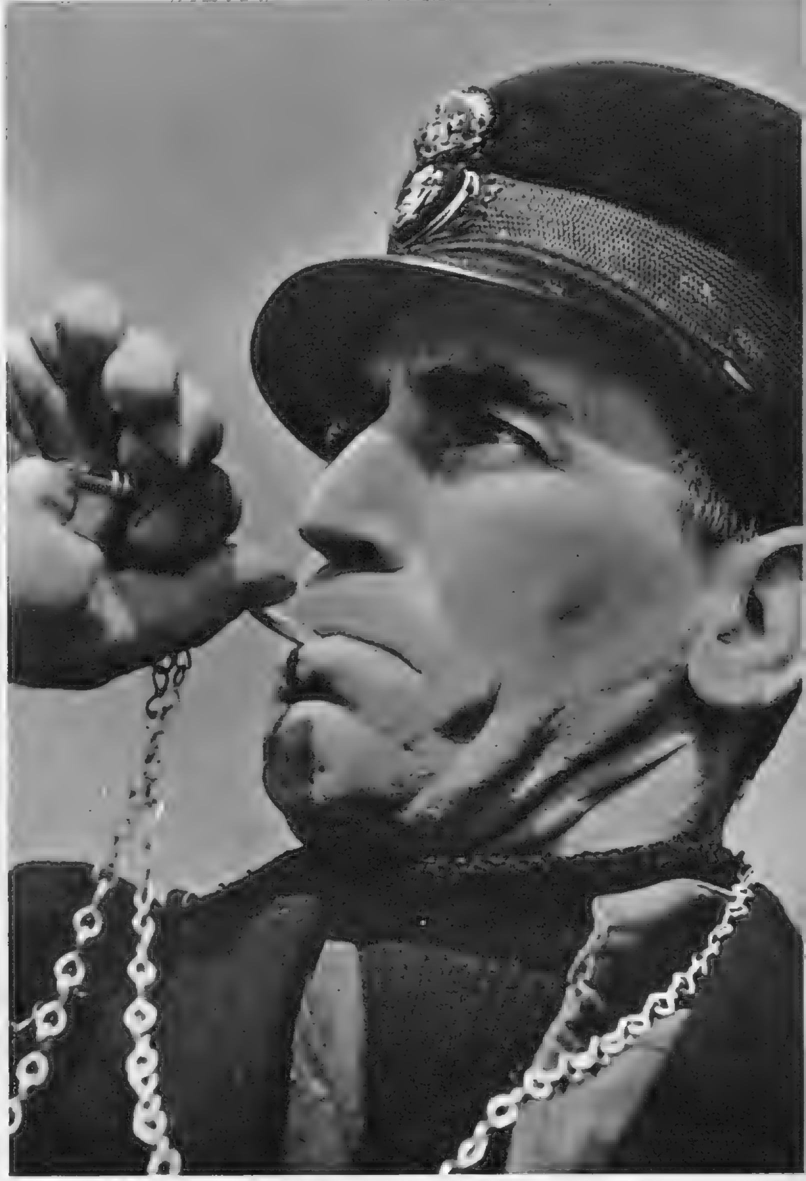
Left: Another view of the gun-crew at action stations during the Atlantic crossing.

VALOUR: MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING HE ATLANTIC.

pite day and night, is vital to our life as an Empire and to other statesmen have continually pointed out, the Navy is hrough which food, munitions of war, and trained pilots and nt by day or by night is there any let-up in the prosecution e Admiralty, in a recent speech. "This battle," he continued, nor the German long-range aircraft are having it all their own -operation of the Navy with the Coastal Command increases, of the enemy will increase until the Battle of the Atlantic is with unshakable courage and fortitude—officers and men of an a convoy including tankers laden with oil, cargo ships heavy ur shores in spite of all enemy efforts.

Another view of the torpedo-tubes and crew on an ex-American destroyer which is fighting the Battle of the Atlantic.

Formerly in the Merchant Navy: a typical officer of the Royal Navy who has been at sea since boyhood.



The Chief Bos'un's Mate pipes "All hands on board" the destroyer: a picturesque naval study.

ght: Setting the fuses on e depth-charges on board the destroyer.

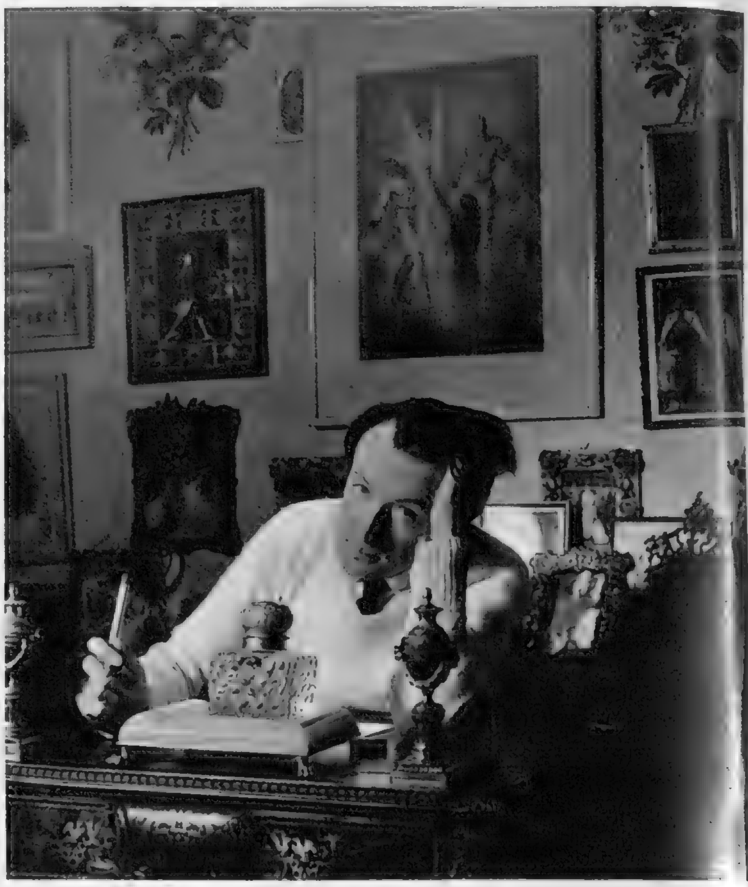
Left: Submarines suspected in the vicinity! A depth-charge being hurled into the sea.

Right: With ships of the convoy in the background—a gun-crew at action stations.

Noting the serial numbers of naval photographs taken aboard a mine-sweeper.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

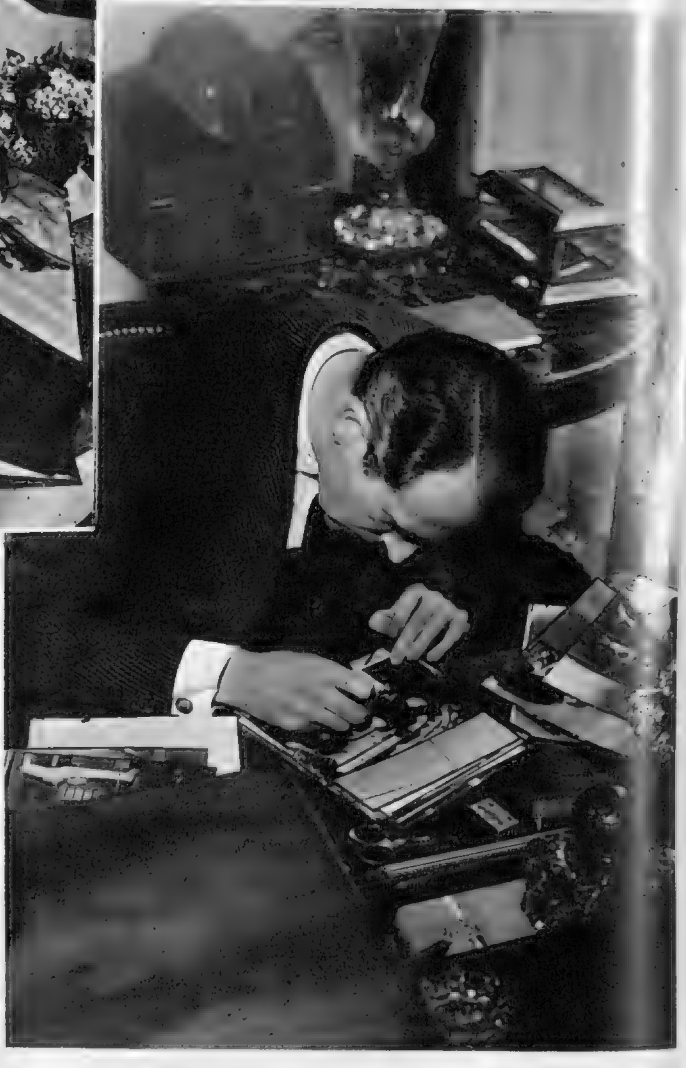
CECIL BEATON, Photographer of Beauty and the Bombed, for being the recorder of "History and England Under Fire," and a designer for shots of history.



The throes of composition! Cecil Beaton at work on an article for an American paper.

Expert with pen, pencil and camera: the Beaton hands.

BEFORE the war MR. CECIL BEATON was known on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the premier photographers of beauty. His portraits of stage and screen stars and society women were set against original backgrounds of his own design, and his books dealt with aspects of beauty and decoration, or were witty, ironical comments on manners, customs and taste. Now he has turned his talents in other directions, and is working for the Ministry of Information and for British and American publications as a recorder of wartime conditions. "Sketch" readers have seen many of his fine studies of Naval and R.A.F. personnel, and a number of his ironically picturesque studies of bombed houses and shops reproduced in our pages, and have admired the skill and originality of their composition. Three books of Beaton photographs will shortly be published, one by the Ministry of Information, under some such title as "England Under Fire," another, on the damage to historic buildings, will be called "History Under Fire," and the third, "Time Exposure," will depict English life during the last twenty years. They will provide an admirable record of British fortitude in face of enemy savagery, and of the British character in general. But war photography is not Mr. Beaton's only preoccupation. He recently designed the costumes for the ballet "Brighton Beach," in "Black Vanities," at the Victoria Palace, and is now designing scenery and costumes for the film "The Younger Pitt," in which Robert Donat is to star. He also writes articles for the American Press; and does fire-watching service.



Finishing naval photographs for the Ministry of Information.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TUNBRIDGE-SEDGWICK.

GERTRUDE AND A GAINSBOROUGH LORD NELSON.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, *stage and screen star, unveiled a Gainsborough portrait of Lord Nelson in the main lobby of Radio City Music Hall, New York. The picture was brought from Los Angeles for a special display in connection with the New York première of the film "Lady Hamilton," in which Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh appear as the Admiral and his Emma. It's an important Alexander Korda production.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN his novels, Mr. Somerset Maugham shows himself cautious of taking the side of the angels—cautious, at any rate, of accepting the conventional view of who is an angel and who is not. The respectable are apt to be censorious, so he is critical of them; the disreputable are, as a rule, more tolerant, and Mr. Maugham gives them the same benefit of the doubt they would accord each other. In this respect his new novelette, "Up at the Villa," runs true to form. Put to a very severe test, the Empire-builder, Sir Edgar Swift, behaves much better than we expected he would—behaves, indeed, as well as possible—yet somehow he never wins our sympathy, while the scapegrace Rowley, with an untidy past life, full of wives and divorces, comes through the ordeal much better. It doesn't seem fair, for he had nothing to lose, while Sir Edgar was risking not only his career but the good name of the British Empire; still, there it is: unreliable as he was, he possessed a spiritual grace Sir Edgar lacked.

MR. IVONE A. KIRKPATRICK, *of the Foreign Office, took 'plane to Glasgow to identify Germany's Deputy Führer, Rudolf Hess, when he parachuted so dramatically on to British soil on May 10. Mr. Kirkpatrick, for some time First Secretary at the British Embassy, Berlin, was there in the early days of the rise of the Nazi Party, and knew Hess quite well, so had no difficulty in satisfying himself of the truth of his identity. He was recently appointed by the Minister of Information Foreign Adviser to the B.B.C. He was twice wounded in the last war, twice mentioned in despatches, and decorated with the Belgian Croix de Guerre. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1919.*

Less skilful novelists are inclined to cheat in this matter. They invest a character with a number of bad qualities and shady acts, but these are never seen in operation; we are told that so-and-so is very wicked off stage, but while he is occupying it he behaves like Parsifal. This is not true of Rowley, however, whose attentions to Mary, while she is unwillingly driving him home from the Princess's dinner-party, seem as irksome and ill-mannered to the reader as they did to her. Indeed, they were the cause of the tragedy: for they goaded her into telling him the circumstances in which she *would* be prepared to grant the boon he so importunately craved—it would be to an entirely different sort of man, whose starved nature would know how to appreciate it. And on the way to the Villa she found just the right candidate: the violinist who had given such a poor performance at the dinner-party. . . .

Dotting the "i's." The conversations between her and Rowley, like some other conversations in Mr. Maugham's books, are almost too explicit. "Ever since I was sixteen men have been making love to me," she tells him. "Whatever they are, old or young, ugly or handsome, they seem to think that you're there for no purpose except to gratify their lust." And he, a little later: "You're not a fish. One only has to look at your mouth and the warmth of your eyes, and at the lines of your body, to know that you're a passionate and sensual woman." I cannot believe that sophisticated people of the world that Mary and Rowley belonged to—the world that once took villas in Florence—would dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" quite so emphatically; and similarly, when Mary takes the unknown violinist into the house and shows him its treasures, the conversation between the two, though very much to the point, is not quite worthy of the romance and magic of the hour. Later, when the surprise comes, when the violinist lets her know how the gesture she thought so generous appears to *him*—an unforgettable moment—the dialogue is equal to all the demands Mr. Maugham puts on it, and continues to be throughout the breathlessly exciting sequel and the interview with Sir Edgar, returning, like Bluebeard, to find things were not as they were when he went away.

Romance Rebuffed. The explanation is, perhaps, that Mr. Maugham's inspiration is dramatic rather than romantic. Mark how the pulse of his writing quickens when the car-full of Italian roysterers swings round the corner, making Mary and Rowley simulate a lovers' embrace; the episode could not be conceived more dramatically, nor could the passing salute, "*Buon divertimento!*", be more ironically appropriate. In a sense, the moral of the story is a smack in the face for romance: Mary had given the rein to her romantic fancy, and the result was a lifeless body in a lonely wood. Moreover, Rowley (the allure of wickedness, on which Mr. Maugham does not greatly insist, apart) is the representative and spokesman of realism: and it is he who carries the day. Yet, to anyone who has lived in Italy, in fact or in imagination, "Up at the Villa" will seem poignantly romantic. Though the charm of the life Mr. Maugham describes is a gilt-edged charm, and the old Princess (a brilliant sketch) is clearly not a figure of romance, the total effect of the Florentine setting and the "sophisticated innocence" of the Tuscan scene, so carelessly suggested, is overwhelmingly nostalgic.

An Ancient Theme. Mr. Cunliffe Owen's theme in "Daymark" is one of the oldest in the world, since it dates from the Garden of Eden. The heir to the Polignac—the greatest family in the Auvergne—is slow in seeking a wife; it seems he does not fancy any of the Auvergnat ladies, who are as dour as the climate and plainer than the rather grim countryside. And the reason, or one reason, is that in his veins runs the blood of the d'Estrées, the Provençal family, famous for its beauty and its prowess in love, to which his mother belonged, and instinctively his nature turns to the South, and its simpler and more sensuous attitude to life, although he had never been there. Even at Polignac the rigours of the Middle Age, spiritual and material, are relaxing under the warmth of the Renaissance sun, and the age of Chivalry, though not dead, is becoming something of an anachronism, making the castle of Polignac, built for defence, full of draughts and other discomforts, an anachronism too. But Time presses, and as Gerard will not choose, his parents choose for him: Anne de la Roquebillière, a girl whose considerable fortune atones for her family's comparatively recent patent of nobility. She has all the domestic virtues, a heart that loved him, and a mind that might have interested him; but he never gave her a chance. In defiance of her stay-at-home spirit, he took her to Provence for their honeymoon; where, in the ecstasy of reunion with the country of his dreams, he met a kinswoman, Léonore, who possessed all the physical attractions his wife lacked.

It was DAVID McLEAN, *Scottish ploughboy, who heard a 'plane crash near his cottage, and rushing out, saw Rudolf Hess, Nazi No. 3, floating to British earth after baling out from his Messerschmitt 110. Taking his hayfork with him in default of firearms, McLean found Hess lying 200 yards away, near the blazing 'plane, with leg injuries; helped him home, where* MRS. McLEAN, *his mother, took charge, and made the classic British offering of a cup of tea. Later, when cinema operators wanted him to reconstruct the scene, he said, "I'm no' wantin' to be a film-star. I've no time to go to the pictures."*

Desire and Duty. Thenceforward, he is torn between the two, between desire and duty, between the kind of life that goes with a sun-warmed plain and the sterner traditions

[Continued overleaf.

NOT-SO-USUAL PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES.

DEANNA DURBIN, *the young singing screen star, is here seen on her wedding trip with her husband,* VAUGHN PAUL. *Their Los Angeles wedding was attended by five hundred guests, and they planned a month's honeymoon before returning to Hollywood.*

ROBERT MOORE, *San Francisco State College student, is mopping his brow after submitting (the poor man!) to a four-minute test kiss from* MARLENE DIETRICH! *He registered 100 per cent.—and then some—on the psychometer (foreground), a new device for measuring S.A. He earned the kiss when he failed to respond to Miss Dietrich's name, while his classmates, apparently more emotional, rated her tops among the glamour girls.*

VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE, *the well-known journalist, makes a brief appearance as "The Man in the Bath Chair," in 20th Century-Fox's film version of H. G. Wells's novel "Kipps," which was due for production at the Gaumont on May 19.* MICHAEL REDGRAVE, *as Kipps, is in the foreground of our still.*

Continued.]

of mountainous Auvergne. This is, no doubt, an unfairly simplified account of Gerard's predicament; Mr. Cunliffe Owen fills in the outlines with all the far-reaching implications of a mind fatally divided against itself. Gerard is made to typify the new age, the breakaway from mediævalism; and the competing civilisations, like the landscapes in which they flourish, are fully realised and described. The book is founded on an idea, but the idea is very adequately clothed, not only in flesh, but in the complicated fabric of life at the end of the fifteenth century. The historical background, though kept in the background, is more convincing than in nine out of ten historical novels; and the characters, if almost too modern in ideas and speech, are all real people. Henry VI.'s widow, Margaret of Anjou, has the same complaining tongue she has in Shakespeare, but she might easily stand for an exiled royalty of to-day.

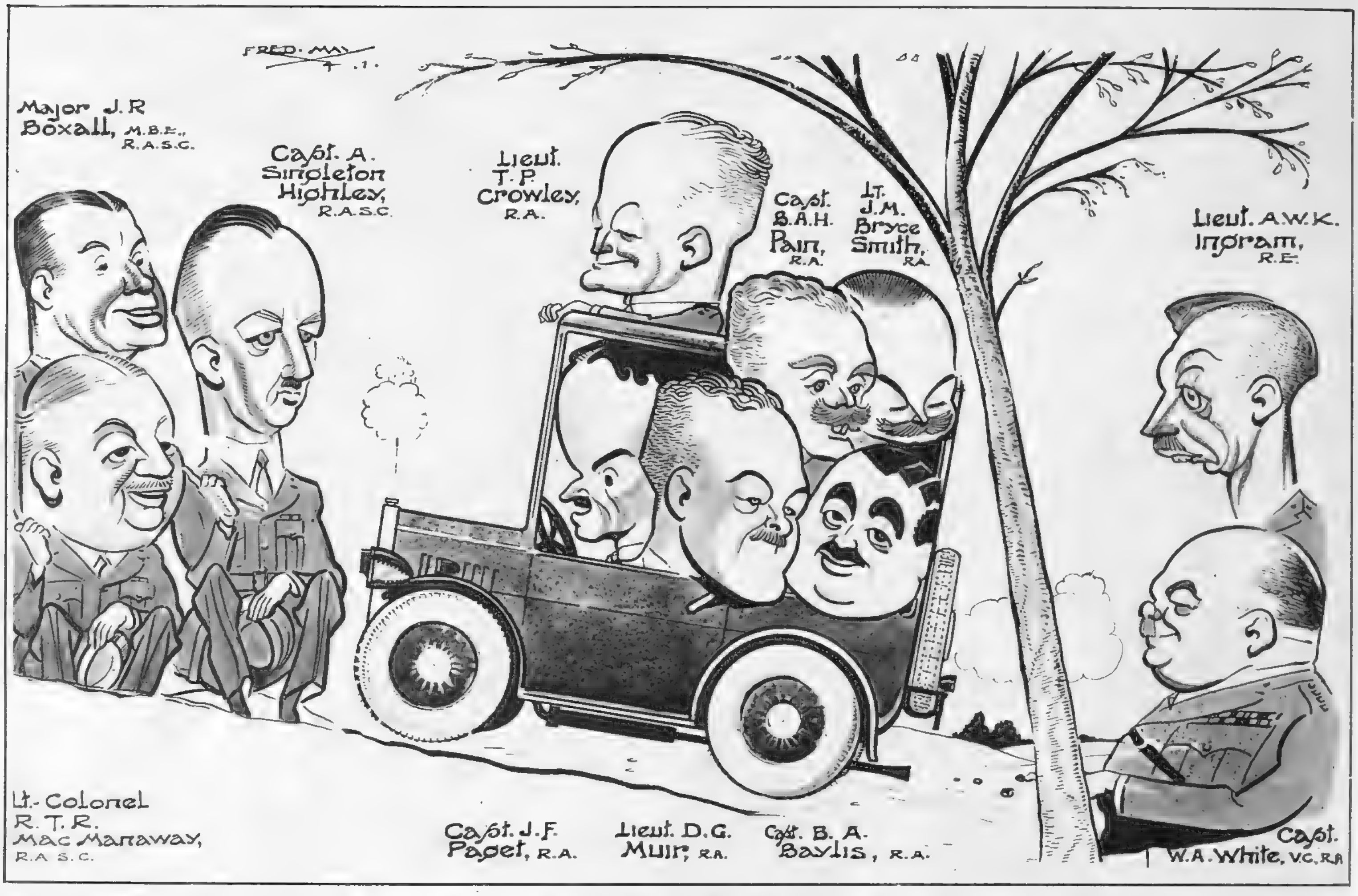
One thing struck me as odd: the calm acceptance with which Gerard's open and immediate infidelity to Anne was received by almost everyone, and the ease with which the annulment of their marriage was obtained. Perhaps this is historically accurate: Mr. Owen has studied the period and I have not; but I should have thought that even if the Renaissance had brought some laxity into these matters, public opinion would hardly have countenanced such a flagrant disregard of the marriage tie. That it should have done so weakens the central situation of the story; for if it was easy for Gerard to live with Léonore, and for Anne to get rid of Gerard, there was no need for either of them to take their natural incompatibility so much to heart.

Town and Country.

"Cuckoo Green" belongs to a now familiar type of war-novel. Beginning with the Munich crisis, it describes the reactions of a quiet country village to the incoming flood of refugees and evacuees. The difficult process of fusion is watched through the eyes of one of the latter, Ursula Mannering, a widow whose heart, damaged by an unfortunate marriage, is being precariously restored by her love for Richard. But she is not sure of him; and while he is abroad, making up his mind, she buys a plot of land at Cuckoo Green and builds a house. Soon she becomes involved in the politics of village life; she sees romances developing, she hears the war discussed from every angle. Much of her material is now fairly well-worn: the complaints of the evacuees at the discomforts of country life, the complaints of the villagers at the habits, cleanliness and so forth of the evacuees. There is a great deal of bustle and activity, some of it ill-directed; a great deal of petty jealousy between the war-workers, clogging the wheels of effort: Lady Phelps, the *grande dame* of the district, has her hands more than full. Ursula is joined by her sister and her sister's family: one of the latter, a boy, has a pitched battle with one of her own refugees, Ginger Bill, almost at sight. Indeed, to a cursory view, the struggle on the Continent is being re-enacted, with less bloodshed, but with hardly less acrimony, at Cuckoo Green.

Grit in the Wheels.

Miss Ann Stafford traces the disintegrating effects of the war on the home front with unusual frankness, for her book is a more serious study of war mentality than most of its kind. She states, with a great deal of fairness, the views of those with whom Ursula, a level-headed woman, disagrees; thus if Ursula does not sympathise with Mrs. Fortescue, Celia's perhaps over-logical mother, the author lets us realise the force of her arguments. And Miss Stanford is at pains to find, beneath this surface quarrelling, elements of harmony at work: thus Ted Jones and Lucy Wynn, each representing a whole complex of small snobberies, are brought together, as are Celia and Roy, the airman, who in their different ways typify the despair of the younger generation at the paucity of happiness in store for it. This readiness to probe deeper into the sources of individual and social unrest than most novelists are prepared to, places "Cuckoo Green" in a higher category than most of its kind.



HEADQUARTERS, A.-A. COMMAND, *have for their mascot a small car, always overcrowded, and always with Captain Paget at the wheel. This of course is not the only means of transport of this most admirable Service. Colonel MacManaway is Commandant of Supply and Transport.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

An Assortment of Thrills.

Debunking the idol has become a popular parlour game; and from the start of Miss Disney's story, the splendid but sinister figure of John Hieronomo, the champion and protector of escaped slaves, the despot of his own hearth, offers a fascinating bubble for future criticism to prick. Too often in detective fiction innocent persons, generally the beloved of both author and reader, find themselves in a position of spurious danger from which a page of explanation could at any moment extricate them. This has become a convention so widely accepted that its stupidity too often passes unnoticed. But in "The Balcony" the snares are cunningly woven by fate and by human malice, and the victims must have felt a vivid sympathy with Laocoon.

Miss Disney has been lavish of excitement, and offers a pleasing assortment of thrills: two murders, footprints in the snow, a family reunion in the ancestral home, a lost fortune, a hidden cave—all standing out against the lurid background of slavery. The puzzle is an intricate one, and Sheriff Glick deserves great credit for his skill in trapping an astute criminal to whom time and chance had given considerable assistance.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Up at the Villa. By W. Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann*; 6s.)
Daymark. By Cunliffe Owen. (*Rich and Cowan*; 8s. 6d.)
Cuckoo Green. By Ann Stafford. (*Collins*; 8s.)
The Balcony. By Dorothy Cameron Disney. (*Robert Hale*; 8s.)

WITH SCENERY OF THEIR OWN BOMBED WOODWORK: "THE GUNFLASHES."

"THE GUNFLASHES" *spelt out their topical cast-name at the finale of their excellent show.*

VOLUNTEER ELAINE SEARL *sang into the microphone.*

An A.T.S. high-kick during the dancing turn "We All Smile Again," by VOLUNTEERS YVONNE GLOVER, DOREEN SWAN, *and* RITA COUSINS.

"*Rhythm Interlude,*" *with* GUNNER FAGG, LCE.-BOMBARDIER BAVIN, *and* GUNNER CARDEW *at the* "*mike.*"

Dancing in "Waltz-Time" are VOLUNTEER DOREEN SWAN *and* GUNNER CARDEW.

CALLING themselves "The Gunflashes," A.T.S. Volunteers and members of the R.A. put on a very successful joint show at a Royal Artillery depôt by Bombardier Hicks and Gunner Cardew. Captain Winn, R.A., was the organiser, and Bombardier Hicks and Gunner Cardew arranged the numbers; and members of the cast built the scenery themselves from bombed wood, after a raid at their own barracks.

"A GUITAR AND SPAIN" *is the fourth item on a programme which consisted of twenty-five numbers and played to packed and enthusiastic houses of its own comrades-in-arms.*

THE CALL.*

By L. LUARD.

NOTHING is impossible in war. At least, Darkie Tremayne thought so. "I do reckon," he said, his dark eyes narrowing, "that afore w'm finished I 'll catch summat worth a season's shimmer of fish. 'Twill be champion if you 'm aboard."

I knew him well enough to respect his words, though others smiled discreetly. He was the best fisherman out of the port, a fine seaman and a wise counsellor.

He kept his ship, *Cornish Lass*, in first-class condition. Hull, engines and gear were faultless. She had been built a few years before the war to a special specification. "I do say ships should have the strength of Samson," he often remarked. "It do cost by more the price of a month's fishing, but it do surely give peace of mind. Give 'em true timbers and a stem that 'll stand up to blows at full throttle—just in case. The sea 's a plaguey mistress."

She could be seen forging seawards when her sisters were moored in harbour, riding to her nets when they were hauling and scudding for home, hove-to by her long-lines weeks after winter had spun its deep, storm-rent spell over the village.

To him she represented everything worth while in life—his faith in the present, his trust in the future. He treated her with affection and pride; he ministered to her every need; and she, responsive to the touch of a master hand, revealed that the bond of faith between ship and man, tenuous as gossamer, was also strong as steel.

Darkie had fished steadily throughout the first winter of the war. When the slack season, early in the year, forced him to remain in harbour, he realised he had done well. "Two hundred pound of profit," he announced, then paused, glancing at me uneasily. "But it don't seem fair. There be the young 'uns and my Jack sweeping for mines and not owning two hundred pence."

"True," I said; "but you 've more than earned your money. You 've fished hard without pause or respite. The other ships have made far less."

Straddling his legs, he thrust his gnarled hands deep in his trouser pockets. He stared seawards, watching the rippling sweep of cloud shadows traversing the ageless face of the waters, as though they symbolised the inconstancy of time. Then his short, sturdy body, steadied in sculptured immobility, pivoted; his face, seamed and lined by wind and weather, relaxed. "'Tis the unwisdom of things that do scare me," he muttered. "Do 'ee think they 'll take kindly to a man of sixty summers?"

"Darkie," I returned, "you served in the last war. You 're doing as fine a job as any man. Food is as essential as shells."

He nodded. "Maybe you 'm right. Maybe. But we 'm living in flimsy times. 'Do all you 'm can' is my motto. There 's no knowing what may happen next."

I did not see him again for some months, but I heard that he had attempted to join up, and that he had given much of his money to charity. The long-lining season came and went, and with it a succession of events that altered the whole course of the war. Then, in the autumn, he sent me an urgent note. Jack, his only son, had been lost aboard a minesweeper. There were rumours night-fishing was soon to be prohibited. Could I find time to make a trip? It might be well worth while.

He greeted me with his usual warmth, though I realised the blow had struck deep. There were dark rims under his eyes and white streaks ran, like threads of silver, through his hair. "I allus said that one day I 'd catch summat worth more than a season's shimmer of fish," he muttered as we made our way to the ship. "But time be short. Come next week we 'm forced to idle in harbour."

"That means no fish?"

"True enough. No fish and no work to master one's thoughts. 'Tis that there fear of invasion. Maybe they 'm right. They do know more than we little old folk. They do say them E-boats and other craft be lasking in our waters. But Jack, he 's been calling me. Night after night. And that do mean my business be out yonder."

I felt uneasy and apprehensive. Darkie was not the man to dabble in the occult, though I knew how bereavement could temporarily unbalance the mind.

We boarded *Cornish Lass* in silence and prepared for sea. She was spick and span, spotless, a delight to the eye; but I noticed the thin black line running round the rail—symbol of mourning.

Darkie went below to start the engines, and Tobias, the mate, approached me, grave and preoccupied. "He bain't himself. He be sick in mind and soul, allus hearing his son's voice. We 'm done our best. 'Tis wrestling, he is, like Jacob, with the angel of the Lord."

"To my mind 'tis retribution he be seeking," Henry, the deck-hand, interrupted. "Known him, I have, man and boy, come fifty years. Now, it do seem, he be a stranger to himself."

"That be too forthy, William Henry," the other reprimanded. "You 'm never lost a first-born. It do make men walk strange ways. He 'll find himself, sure enough. He 's been a champion skipper to us—brave and steadfast."

"You 'm right, Tobias," Henry admitted. "I did let my lips betray my heart. High time I ground my words to powder."

The other smiled. He placed a hand on Henry's shoulder. "Words be like locusts. They do darken the light of heaven. We 'm living in times where words do threaten to scat 'ee asunder."

A moment later the engines leapt into life. *Cornish Lass* throbbed and pulsed to their rhythmic beat. "We 'm all set?" Darkie asked, climbing up the hatch.

And the other two, simple in faith, children of the sea, replied in unison, "We 'm all set—we 'm all set."

He steered for the pierheads. Men, strolling on the quays, paused in their stride, watching us with sudden interest. A few waved, others shouted words that held a suspicion of mockery; but Darkie, unyielding, held on. The terraced houses, bathed in the pale glow of the evening light, lay radiant against the sombre curve of the encircling hills, the high, precipitous line of the coast, and the whispering sea, stretching afar to the misted line of the horizon, seemed to watch and wait, immense, inviolate, inscrutable.

I entered the small wheelhouse. Darkie jerked his head aft to a half-contemptuous smile. "Folk be saying I 'm scatter-brained. Too early by a full half-moon for the mixed fish. Long-lining, she be over, and I 've a full fleet of nets aboard—a proper snare."

He stood very still, his feet planted on either side of the wheel, his face solemn and set, his eyes staring far ahead. "Maybe 'tis only my thoughts leading me astray. But Jack, he do know best. 'Twas only twenty mile to the westward—ay; in the brave mists of sunset—his ship struck. The waters swallowed she in five minutes."

I saw his hands grip the spokes of the wheel with sudden intensity, as though he were trying to master his emotion. "There be hundreds who 've suffered loss," he muttered. "It do take all different. But 'tis foreign to one's mind until the blow do strike 'ee. Then 'tis like a vision of the bottomless pit."

"Perhaps," I said, attempting to change the subject, "the fish will be earlier this year. We may haul a handsome shimmer."

"Brave words," he said; "but what we do catch depends on the Lord. Maybe fish; maybe summat to steel our souls."

He paused, lowered the window of the wheelhouse, and ordered, "We 'll shorten our strops to half a fathom, Tobias. I do reckon if the shoals oblige they 'll be swimming high."

"Half a fathom?" Tobias, who had been repairing some broken meshes, jerked bolt upright. His tall, lean body stiffened as though gripped by an invisible hand. He stared at Darkie, unable to conceal his amazement.

"You 'm heard my words?" the other continued, his voice pitched low. "I do know my own mind, Tobias. 'Tis the head of the nets three foot and no more below the line of waters we 'm fishing to-night."

"'Tis three fathom, you 'm meaning," Henry asserted, trying to control his voice.

Darkie remained unmoved. "Three foot, I did tell 'ee—half a fathom. Shorten 'em up with a sheepshank same as they taught 'ee at school. Maybe you 'll bless me afore the night 's finished."

We steamed on. Dusk fell. The bold, ridged sweep of the coast dissolved slowly, merging into a deepening shadow inset upon the bosom of night. The sea, silent and stilled, curtained by a grey mist, broke into two diverging white lines by the bows that splayed outwards, hissing and seething, and formed, with the troubled line of the wake, a spectral arrowhead trailing astern, evanescent and everlasting.

Darkness closed in, like an encircling cloak. From time to time patches of fog, trailing low over the water, swirled across the foredeck, expunging visibility in a play of vaporous eddies. They dissolved and coalesced; they merged into grey, sweeping columns, tenuous, convoluted spirals; they fell apart and changed into pallid wraiths, beckoning hands, unearthly faces. And the deep, unplumbed vault of night turned suddenly inimical, hostile, menacing, as though holding in its depths a sinister sortilege.

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"HONEYMOON FOR THREE" *is one of the items on the excellent double-feature programme which was due to open at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on May 16. It's a high-spirited love-muddle guaranteed to keep you giggling. Here novelist Ken Bixby* (GEORGE BRENT) *is telling Anne Rogers* (ANN SHERIDAN; *left*) *that he is only meeting Julie* (OSA MASSEN) *to blast romantic ideas out of her head.*

"TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN" *is the other item in the Warner Theatre double-feature bill. The famous character created by the late Marie Dressler is played by* MARJORIE RAMBEAU. *Here she is trying to get a contract from Armstrong* (CLARENCE KOLB), *and to defeat her enemy, Captain Bullwinkle* (ALAN HALE). *Armstrong insists on a man acting as captain of the boat.*

Ken has been shuttling backwards and forwards between Julie's table in an alcove and Anne's in the main hotel restaurant. He trips and falls, whereupon both girls rush to his aid and all is revealed.

Tugboat Annie has been double-crossed by Captain Bullwinkle and fired by the Towing and Salvage Company. She tries beauty treatments as consolation and pretends that she enjoys them.

Harvey Wilson (CHARLIE RUGGLES), *husband of Julie, sees that it's no good thinking of a divorce and hoping Ken will marry Julie, for he is in love with Anne.*

MARJORIE RAMBEAU *as Tugboat Annie with Captain Bullwinkle. He succeeds in getting her fired, but only for a while, for her knowledge of Maritime Law beats him.*

DOUBLE-FEATURE HIGH-LAUGHTER-CONTENT PROGRAMME.

Continued.]

We steamed on, a solitary ship lost in a fathomless void. The night seemed boundless. Darkie stood silent at the wheel, his head half-turned, one hand placed to his ear, as though awaiting a sudden hail, a word of command, a call from beyond our ken. My anxiety and apprehension intensified. I stamped my feet to make sure the deck was real; I lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply; I attempted to start a desultory conversation. But he waved aside my words with a half-disdainful gesture, then resumed his strained, silent vigil.

At last we eased down. Darkie, his voice low and tense, ordered, "Time to shoot. Keep the fleet taut," and turned at right-angles to his course. I walked forward to help with the nets, passing them to Henry and Tobias, stationed by the roller. "It bain't natural," they whispered. "We 'm all alone. The sea be sullen. We do feel our blood turning to water."

Suddenly Darkie's voice rose loud and insistent. "Over, Tobias! Over, in the name of the Lord! Pray that He do send what He thinks fit."

The nets flaked into the sea yard by yard, fathom by fathom, the white canvas float-pellets soaring through the air like giant pearls. For fully ten minutes we held on, the beat of the engines muted, Tobias muttering, "That be one. That be two. That be three. . . . That be nine. . . ." Then, as he flung the last fleet overboard, and ran forward, securing the headline to the bollard, Darkie swung the ship and stopped her. We lay silent, inert, surrounded by a grey, impenetrable void, as though imprisoned in the confines of another world.

"Well," I said, returning to the wheelhouse, and half-surprised at my matter-of-fact tones, "I hope we have a good catch. Then you 'll be able to laugh at those ashore. They 'll be following you hot-footed to-morrow night."

He lifted his hand and spoke slowly, pronouncing his words with deliberate care. "Maybe. But I 'm seeking sterner business. We 'm lying to a full half-mile of nets nigh the surface. Did 'ee hear my boy calling? Told me, he did, how far to steam and when to shoot." He paused, raised his voice. "You 'm all ready to slip, Tobias? Then you 'm stand by to free she of her nets." Again he paused. "And you, Henry—you do watch by the little old men that do all the work. Bring 'em to life quick as you mind to, once I tell 'ee."

His words, mingling into strange instructions, renewed the sense of unreality, of furtive unrest, profound disquiet. I propped my elbow against the edges of the wheelhouse window, waiting and listening. Somewhere to the westward, steaming at slow speed, lay our invasion patrols—a line of darkened ships, slipping through the night, ready to raise the alarm. The thought relieved and comforted.

"How far are we offshore?" I asked, hoping again to make conversation.

"Ten mile," he muttered, and suddenly gripped my arm.

I listened intently. Ahead rose a faint drone. It swelled in volume, turning to a steady, whirring roar. Then the voice of Tobias came loud and insistent—"Summat out yonder, Skipper."

I noticed Darkie had clasped his hands. He switched on the compass light, and I saw beads of sweat on his forehead. "Slip she!" he cried, then ran to the engine-room hatch. "Start 'em up, Henry! Keep 'em running dead slow and wait for my words." He was back in the wheelhouse before I fully realised what had happened, his hands fumbling for the deck floodlight switches.

"All gone!" Tobias shouted unsteadily.

A blaze of light dazzled me. The forepart of the ship leapt into bold relief, as though it had suddenly formed from the heart of darkness. I saw Tobias staring ahead, one hand shielding his eyes, his tall figure coiled in swirling mist.

Darkie ordered down the voice-pipe: "Open 'em out all you know!" and spun the wheel. The roar of approaching engines seemed deafening. Then a rocket curved overhead, leaving a fiery, hissing trail, like a new-born comet. I heard the quick sputter of machine-gun bullets.

"Out!" Darkie muttered, switching off our lights. Darkness flooded down, blinding vision. As we gathered way I attempted to collect my wits, and realised we were shaping for the shore-side of our nets. We stopped, and Darkie raced to the eyes of the ship. The roar of engines suddenly ceased.

In the silence that followed I heard gruff voices, shouts, orders. Torches flashed. A steady light, yellow and diffused, shone like a distant planet. Then Darkie returned, gripped my arm. "They be Germans," he whispered, his voice hoarse with emotion. "One of 'em E-boats, I reckon. Same as our motor torpedo-boats, they do say, and built of wood. Fouled her propeller in our nets, she has, the Lord be praised! Trapped like a snared bird. 'Tis the answer to Jack's call."

My heart was thumping outrageously; but I questioned in calm tones: "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" Darkie repeated. "She be fast all through the darks. In two hours we 'm can make harbour, and summon help. Here we be, a bare four hundred yards distant, and she can't sight us. I never looked on mist and fog as a friend afore." He chuckled; his voice held a buoyant, restive note as though he had forgotten the years.

"You 've a strong stem," I murmured, "and a craft that should stand the test. They 're far too busy trying to clear their propellers to notice anything else. Besides, they 've broken every law of God and man, and deserve their fate."

"True enough," Darkie endorsed. "'Twas in my thoughts. Tobias, do 'ee keep aft, low in the lee of the wheelhouse."

He spoke into the voice-pipe. *Cornish Lass* gathered way. We headed for the pinprick of light, saw it leap into bold vision, low above our surging bow wave. Then, as we reached full speed, I caught sight of a shadowy loom ahead, lying dead athwart our course.

I braced myself for the shock, half-expecting a burst of machine-gun fire; but we must have taken them by surprise. Our bows hit her a sledge-hammer blow, dead amidships, the force of the impact flinging me against the aft bulkhead of the wheelhouse. I heard shouts and yells, the crunch and grind of shorn and riven wood. *Cornish Lass* stopped dead, heeled to starboard, righted herself, the beat of her engines slowing to a low monode.

"Handsome, Jack—handsome, boy!" I heard Darkie mutter. "A sight you 'd dearly love. Maybe you 'm with us too, watching and praising."

Then feet thudded on our deck. I experienced a sickening revulsion. The Germans could easily board and hold us at the point of the revolver, turning the tables with a vengeance. "Full astern, Darkie!" I shouted, and heard him repeating the order down the voice-pipe. We slid clear, stopped a few yards distant. Darkie slipped away to examine the damage.

The two Germans who had jumped aboard stumbled aft. They spoke good English.

"How many hands?" I asked, realising they were unarmed.

"Ten altogether. They are launching the small boat. She is sinking fast."

"Will she carry them?"

"Yes." The taller stared hard. He said in sudden amazement, "Are you a small patrol-boat? Where are your guns?"

"We are. The guns are aft—trained ahead."

"She be wounded, but she 'll float," Darkie announced. "The stem 's twisted on itself nigh the load-line, but she be only making water enough to sweeten the bilges."

We watched the rest of the crew tumble into their dinghy. The hull of the E-boat heeled slowly to starboard. She remained on her beam-ends for a full minute, then the bows rose in mute protest, sliding suddenly from sight in a vortex of seething eddies.

"Gone—by gambers!" Darkie exclaimed, and switched on the floodlights. "We 'll take 'em in tow, I reckon. They can't board and capture we from a small boat. Heave 'em a line, Tobias, instead of staring like one who isn't exactly, an' lock those other two snug in the cuddy."

He turned to me, his face radiant. "Didn't I allus tell 'ee I 'd catch summat worth a season's shimmer of fish? 'Twas Jack's doing, God rest him, sure enough."

"Yes," I said slowly, "you were right. I don't profess to understand these things, but you certainly received the call."

THE END.

She 's famed on ev'ry tourist route
And Fifi is her name,
She 's ear-marked as a character,
Such is the price for—fame !"

" *This trick is* ' très difficile ' ! "

" *Fifi, the toast of gay Paree.*
She 's full of fun and jollity ! "

" Regardez-la, Mesdames ! "

" LES Photographies de Mlle. Fifi," a reconstruction of " naughty " postcards of the Gay 'Nineties, is one of the numbers in the small revue which ADAM LESLIE and EVE LYND are presenting at the Wellington Club. Adam Leslie, a twenty-four-year-old Rhodesian, won the Rhodes Trustee Prize for English Literature at an early age, and became a journalist. Then he took up painting and was commissioned by L.M.S. Railways to design their panels for the 1936 Johannesburg Empire Exhibition. He studied stage design in Paris, and later came to England and joined the Players Theatre. There he teamed up with Eve Lynd, clever stage artist, who as a child won a double L.R.A.M. for piano.

NAUGHTY 'NINETIES POSTCARDS COME TO LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TUNBRIDGE-SEDGWICK.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHAT is there to prevent a man," asked Our Stroller, "from applying for, say, ten or twenty thousand National War Bonds, to make a bit of a splash, and selling his allotment beforehand?"

The House men both laughed.

"You're not the first, by a long chalk, who has had the same brilliant idea for helping the country's cause," the broker replied. "As a matter of fact, one of my own clients, by no means wealthy, came to me and asked if he could do it in fifty."

"Fifty thousand pounds?"

"That's right. I suppose he thought it would look well in the local paper to see his name given as a patriotic subscriber of a decent amount."

"But wouldn't he have to be ready to put the money down in the first place?"

"He was going to ask the bank to advance the cash for a few days. And he suggested that I might like to share my commission with him to help pay the interest on the loan! As the bonds are on tap at 100, why should the market buy them at that price from a private individual, or a firm or company?"

"An ingenious method of advertisement," remarked the partner. "Having to put down cash is, of course, rather a snag, and we're at war, so you can't carry-over anything in these days."

"What's the effect of that, do you reckon, on your markets?"

"It makes them much more limited: stops speculation, and curtails business all round."

"In the Consol Market?"

"Not to any great extent there, because, in the first place, they are accustomed to cash dealings, and, in the second, the Consol Market is about the only one where any active trade goes on at all times, be they good or be they bad."

"But you are always complaining that there's so little market in other things——"

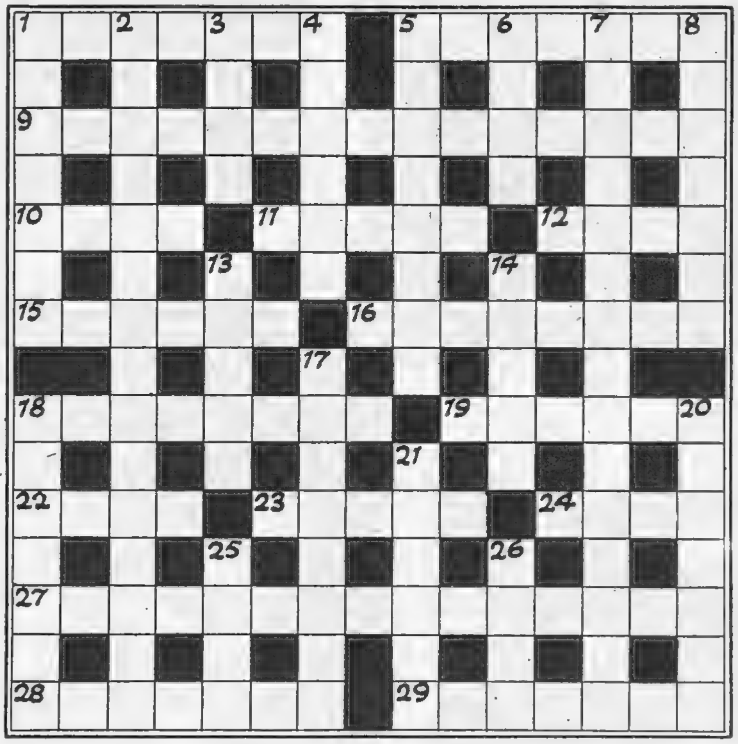
"Not complaining, my dear Sir. Explaining. Clients can't understand why it is that they are unable to deal as freely and easily as of old, and we brokers spend half our days in trying to illuminate the reason."

"It is the cash-dealing system that makes our markets so narrow," the partner confirmed. "The Treasury argue that speculative accounts are against the national interest in wartime. That's why we deal only for cash——"

"I don't see," said a broker in the House, "that any harm would follow from allowing us to take on options again. Mincing Lane has been doing forward bargains in raw rubber, and in some of the base metals you are allowed to buy and sell futures."

"It's no use, old man," another broker answered. "We have appealed to the Government, to the Stock Exchange Committee, and to the Treasury for permission to do options in here, but we've been turned down every time. Hopeless proposition, I call it."

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Behaves hospitably or deceitfully (two words; 5, 2).
5. A rope for one who would like to be "hung"! (7).
9. Achieved by a sprinter badly out of condition? (two words; 10, 5).
10. "We two will sink on the wild waves of ———", wrote Shelley (4).
11. The French 5 Across who keeps gold in his bed (5).
12. Turn a tract of wet land and I make a tract of dry desert! (4).
15. Spectacles (6).
16. Where there's a trench cut in Worcestershire's sandstone? (8).
18. Chat, perhaps, or tahc! (8).
19. No blow to the hungry traveller, however (6).
22. Headland or loch (4).
23. "I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too," said she (5).
24. Time and place in France (4).
27. A branch of art without rules (two words; 8, 7).
28. A bird which might welcome a Russian entry into Warsaw? (3 hyphen 4).
29. Bumptiousness (7).

DOWN.

1. Poets who were in the terriers? (7).
2. The sangfroid needed to avoid decapitation (three words; 7, 4, 4).
3. Cliques (4).
4. He said what England expected (6).
5. A feast to disregard (8).
6. It embraces the poles (4).
7. The charges incumbent on the incumbent (four words; 3, 4, 2, 6).
8. Pink (7).
13. To coin words? (5).
14. D'Artagnan's creator—present version (5).
17. Some right or property has been made over to him (8).
18. The tree in force (7).
20. Squeezed after using the 15 Across (7).
21. Keen footballers (6).
25. One of the U.S.A. (4).
26. Brazil's father of the academicians (4).

"Restrictions don't stop people from buying stocks and shares when they want to. You can see that in the Home Railway Market."

"And in our Industrials, too," a dealer put in. "Don't leave us out in the cold. You may get a disappointing dividend from a company, but the public come in and buy the shares on it."

"That sounds anomalous," Our Stroller ventured to observe.

"It is, but that's what happens. A price may fall a shilling or so when a dividend is declared, but it goes up again in next to no time."

"Too quickly, as a rule, for us to get back our bears," his partner laughed. "We think there should be a chance of buying the stock back, but no! they even come and——"

"Leave us more firmly fixed than ever in the glue-pot. Still, we must hope for the best. Or the worst!"

"It does show you that the public aren't going to be chased out of good stuff by dividend reductions, or by unfavourable news, or by any other blinkin' setbacks, doesn't it? And what's more, they keep on buying the shares."

"They insist on buying everything," said a jobber. "I'm told that the shops can sell almost any mortal thing they've got, when the public know it's to be had. Price no object sort of thing."

"If that's the case, doesn't it pay a retailer to hold back what he has in stock? He might get a better price by and by."

"Well, I'm no authority on that side of business, but pals of mine tell me that what they want is turnover, and the more of it the better."

"I've heard the same thing," a fellow-member confirmed. "Make people come and buy what you have to offer, and replace it as soon as you can with fresh stock."

"Which means that you must be always putting your goods in the shop-window, so to speak. Yes, I can see the force of that argument, and——"

"Canadas are worth 10 of anybody's money," Our Stroller overheard. "And they will go there, I should say, before very long. The line is doing awfully well."

"One man in that market"—and a broker jerked his thumb in the direction of Shorter's Court—"tells me to buy Canadas, and another fellow says 'Sell Canadas.' Now, what is one to do?"

"You know the old story of the two Stock Exchange chaps who were comparing notes about their acute rheumatism. No?

"One of them said that his doctor had ordered him not to drink claret, but to take whisky instead.

"'That's funny,' the other fellow said. 'Because my doctor has knocked me off whisky, and told me to drink claret.'

"'Oh, good!' said the claret drinker. 'That's fine. So all we need do is for you and me to exchange our doctors.'"

"With the result," said a listening Committee man, "that they both lived happily ever after."

"That reminds me: what dividend are they going for on Distillers' shares?"

"Same as last, they seem to think in the market. Now, there's a good industrial investment for you. War or no war, people will always want whisky."

"You've said it, my boy. Come on!"

Friday, May 16, 1941.

BEST-SELLER NOVEL "CHAD HANNA" FILMED.

Chad Hanna (HENRY FONDA) *gets the runaway-slave-catching reward from Caroline* (LINDA DARNELL) *and Mrs. Tridd* (SARAH PADDEN).

Albany Yates (DOROTHY LAMOUR) *protects Caroline, who has been punished for Chad's clever double-crossing to save the slave.*

Caroline, transformed into a glamorous circus artist, understudies for Albany Yates.

Chad, with Oscar the lion, chief asset of the circus. Oscar unfortunately falls ill and dies.

Mr. and Mrs. Huguenine (GUY KIBBEE *and* JANE DARWELL) *apologise to Caroline for having fired her husband, Chad: but it is too late, Chad has gone.*

"CHAD HANNA," Darryl F. Zanuck's production of the film version of Walter D. Edmonds' best - seller novel, was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on May 19. Chad, orphan foundling, helps a slave to escape and "pinches" the reward for catching him. He runs off to join Huguenine's circus, so does Caroline, daughter of the slave-hunter, as she's had a beating because of Chad. Their adventures in the circus world provide a warm, human story of success, failure, love and friendship. The death of Oscar the lion spells disaster, but Chad's smart purchase of a trained elephant saves the situation.

Chad Hanna, with the fascinating circus equestrienne, Albany Yates (DOROTHY LAMOUR).

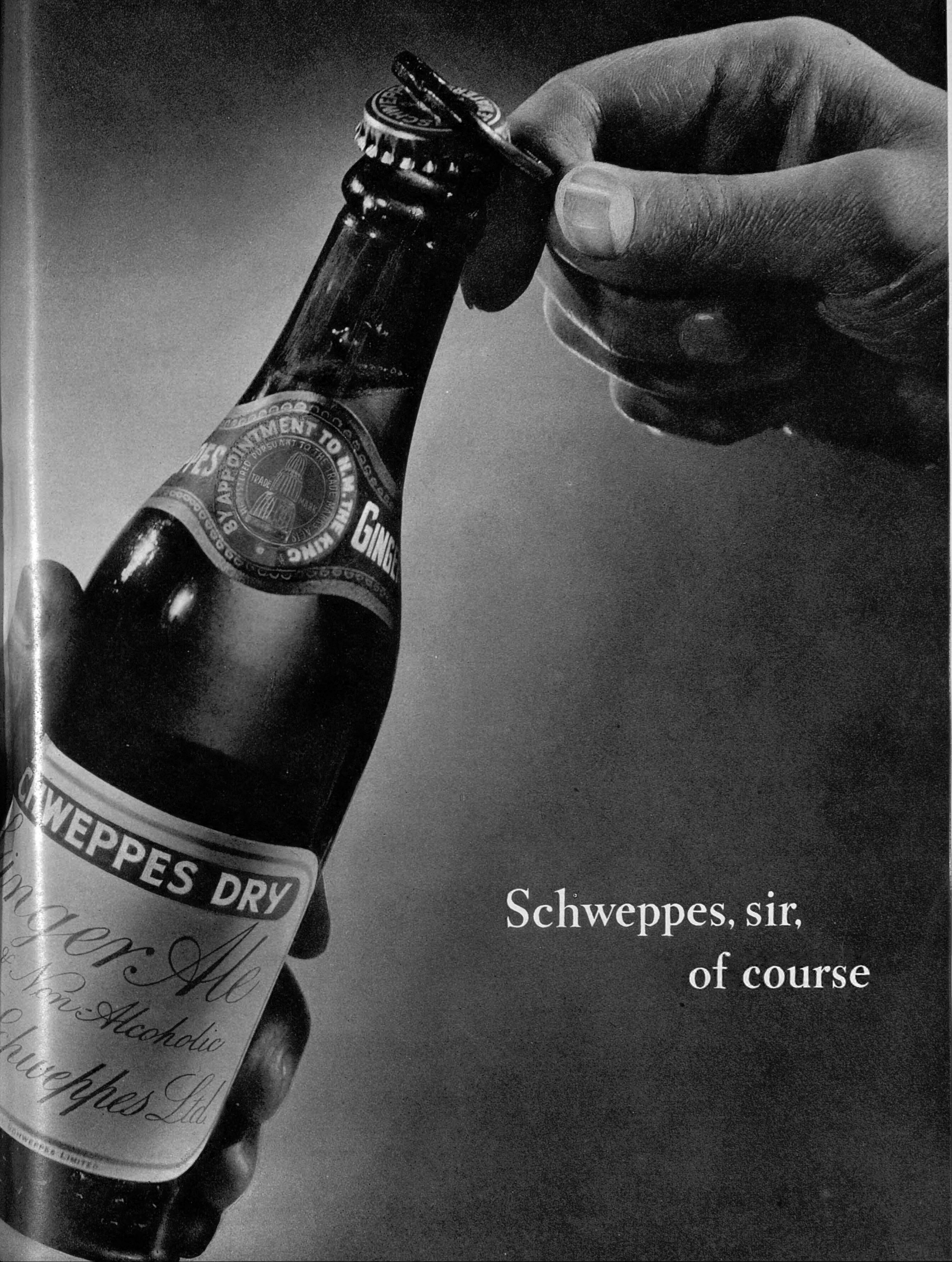
WOMEN IN WARTIME

SUMMER MUST COME

WARM DAY COOL DAY

SUBTLE colouring and soft texture give the frock above a pleasant appearance of luxury. It is, however, quite inexpensive, since it is made of "Celanese" printed crêpe, always a good investment, since it wears so well. In spite of wartime restrictions, there is still a fine variety of "Celanese" materials available all over the country, but if there is any difficulty, write to Celanese House, Hanover Square, W.1, for information. June brides will appreciate their crêpe-de-Chine for trousseau lingerie, made in white and in pale pastel shades.

FAR-SIGHTED dressing is becoming important, and women are ordering suits while there is still a wide choice of good tweeds. Studd and Millington, 67, Chancery Lane, have tailored the model on the right in a soft, strawberry-coloured Scotch tweed, but it could, of course, be copied in other shades. The cut-away jacket has four slit pockets and the skirt is designed with raised gores, more flattering than pleats to many figures. Hats in lightweight angora, like the one shown here, tone with any of the suits and cost 18s. 11d.


BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
& Non-Alcoholic
Schweppes, sir,
of course

By Appointment.

A smart ensemble in crêpe, in an attractive border design, comprising well-cut dress and matching jacket. In black / white and navy/white, five sizes.

9½ gns.

Size 48, 1 guinea extra. (Model Gowns.)

Prints FOR SUMMER DAYS

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CM.

ABOUT NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE.

I AM often taken to task, chaffed, sometimes abused, for the way I handle these notes. I am told—and it is 100 per cent. true—that (1) practically all other bridge scribes speak of the " informatory double " ; I use the word " informative " ; (2) all other writers (in exemplary hands), show a knave as a jack, " J " ; while I call a knave a knave, " Kn " ; (3) all exemplary hands are set up with the cards in the order of spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs ; I alone set them up spades, hearts, *clubs*, diamonds. Why do I do these things ; what do I mean by putting myself at variance with all other writers on the game in this fashion ; who the —— do I think I am ?—and so on.

I will try to explain. I find " informative " a less cumbrous word than " informatory " (to be truthful, once I was under the impression that there was no such word as " informatory " ; now, however, I believe it means " full of information," which in itself is a good reason for *not* using that word tacked on to " double "). Ever since I have played cards, and it is the same with my friends, a knave has been a *knave* and not a *jack*—it is the exception to hear this card called a jack. Indeed, I think knave is the more correct English word, jack being more American than English. It is worth noting, too, that writers, although in diagrams they use " J " for " jack," none the less speak of the " knave " in their comments.

The last grouse against me is easy to settle. Take one hundred players, and you will find that at least ninety sort their cards into suits ; the remainder may not sort their cards at all, and how they manage to bid and play with their cards " all anyhow " is entirely their business. The others put their cards in suits of alternate colours—black, red, black, red, or *vice versa*—but practically nobody at all puts the cards black, black, red, red ; in fact, it is the common practice to hold the cards in suits thus : spades, hearts, clubs, diamonds (or, of course, any other arrangement of alternate colours), but never spades, hearts, *diamonds*, clubs ; so in diagrams it seems but logical to set up the suits as given in this column. To show the suits in order of bidding value is just stupid, because, if players *did hold* their cards in that order, sooner or later in playing them they would be certain to mix up their diamonds with their hearts.

Here is a hand that was played at the 1939 World's Bridge Olympic. Few players made the right play, yet it is a hand from actual play at which the declarer made his contract. The hand is given in " The Bridge Player's Bedside Book," by Norman V. Hart.

	SPADES—Q, 10, x, x, x. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—K, 9, 8, 7. DIAMONDS—A, 7, 6, 5.	
	N	
SPADES—K, Kn. HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, 10, x. CLUBS—Q, 10, x. DIAMONDS—Q, 8, x.	W E	SPADES—x. HEARTS—9, 8, x, x, x, x. CLUBS—x, x, x. DIAMONDS—10, 9, x.
	S	
	SPADES—A, 9, 8, 7, 5. HEARTS—A, x. CLUBS—A, Kn, x. DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x.	

South is playing six spades. West led the king of hearts. See if you can make the contract, assuming the position to be a double-dummy one.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 14.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—7. Headlines. 8. Cover. 10. Perilous. 11. Lasses. 12. Here. 13. Ravenous. 16. Uses. 18. Pastime. 20. Tonsils. 22. Akin. 24. Estimate. 26. Espy. 29. Scales. 30. Nitrogen. 31. Penny. 32. Blank file.

DOWN.—1. Fever. 2. Advice. 3. Linoleum. 4. Measure. 5. Consents. 6. Venezuela. 9. Slav. 14. Asti. 15. Massacres. 17. Seat. 19. Trifling. 21. One stone. 23. Kennels. 25. Also. 27. Proofs. 28. Belle.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 3d. ; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.